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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 9, 1935
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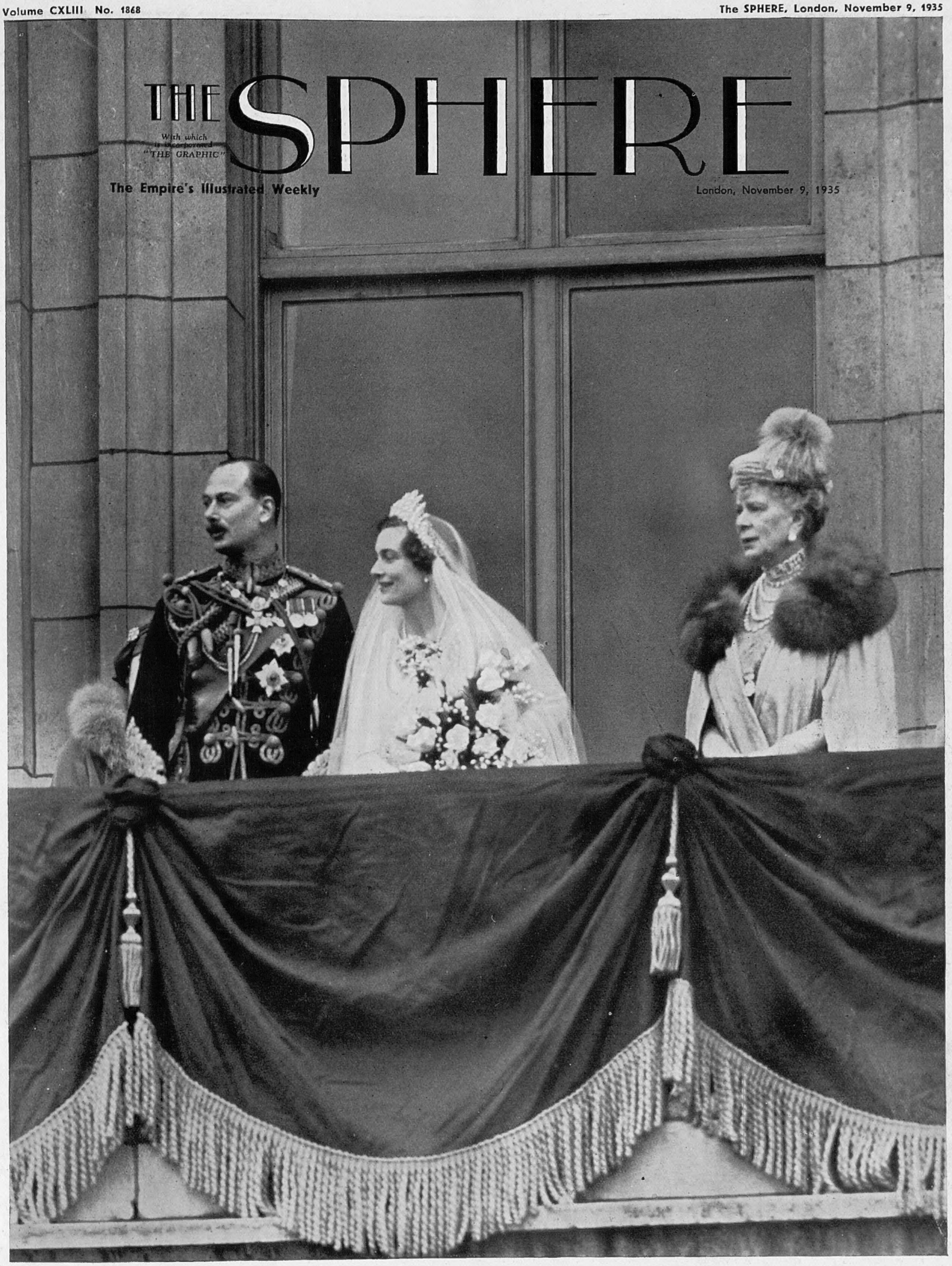
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 9, 1935



The Duke of Gloucester and His Bride

The Happy Pair Standing with the Queen on the Balcony of Buckingham Palace after Last Wednesday's Ceremony

Although shorn of public ceremonial because of the recent death of the bride's father, the Royal wedding was, none the less, an occasion of stateliness and dignity, and the enthusiasm of the vast crowds that thronged round the Palace after the ceremony once again evidenced the love and loyalty of the people for the Royal Family—sentiments which at times such as this find their fullest expression. There was tremendous cheering when the Duke and Duchess appeared on the balcony following the service, the former, to mark his association with the Army, wearing the blue, gold, and red full-dress uniform of a major of the 10th Royal Hussars, and the latter a figure of infinite grace in gleaming pearl-tinted satin. Later in the day thousands more Londoners had an opportunity of seeing Their Royal Highnesses when they drove in an open coach to St. Pancras Station, en route to Boughton House, Northamptonshire, where the first part of the honeymoon is being spent

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A MONARCH RECALLED BY HIS PEOPLE: King George II of Greece who, as a result of the overwhelming vote for restoration recorded during the recent plebiscite, will ascend the throne which he vacated in December 1923 on the establishment of a Republic. He is a son of the late King Constantine and a nephew of Prince Nicholas (father of the Duchess of Kent). During his exile he has lived abroad, without ostentation, adhering steadfastly to his principle of not interfering in politics

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 6, 1935.

MONEY NO OBJECT.—

The National Government manifesto is become our creed for a fortnight. In 3,000 words of exuberant prose it knocks the wind out of the sails of New Deals, Opposition Ideal States, and unfair criticism. Though Mr. George calls it "doing nothing," it looks to me more like a blank cheque. It is right that it should be so. You must put the grease paints on with a trowel for G.E. purposes and "get-across" with a megaphone. A General Election campaign is never an occasion for good taste nor refined language, and we have often told the National Government that it does not advertise enough. It has remedied that error to-day in all conscience with promises and posters. It promises, if returned to power—

(a) To ensue Peace via the League. Well, naturally.

(b) To restore our military defences so that we can meet our obligations under the League, if we are called on to implement them. It is nicely put. Eight new destroyers are already ordered and the Clyde and Tyne should feel cheerful.

(c) To go ahead firmly towards world disarmament. That is taken as read.

(d) More money and new ideas to fight unemployment and afford relief. Schemes and money for new enterprises, more generous relief scales. No vague promise this. A new Treasury-backed Utility Corporation is to finance and erect modern factories in the distressed areas and to lease them out to attracted manufacturers who will be broadly controlled and co-ordinated by the Corporation. (Government control of industry.)

(e) Fresh colonial markets for trade to be found and world-trade to be developed. (How? By raising fresh, or knocking down existing, barriers?)

(f) Agricultural workers to enjoy unemployment insurance, and the home markets for agricultural products to be expanded With a magician's wand.

(g) The slum clearance programmeand the housing programme tobepressed on and accelerated. Uninsured workers to come in to the Contributory Pensions scheme.

(h) Big schemes of educational reform—*imprimis*, the raising of the school age to fifteen.

Mr. Attlee's, to which I referred, must have been vapid and unconvincing if delivered under the most favourable conditions for the putting across of personality and employment of the arts of oratory. Because mere petulantly-destructive criticism, merely to slosh pitch at one's enemy, serves but to alienate listeners or to bore them. Even a half-wit has some sense of proportion and of justice. But even a great orator like Mr. Churchill, or a fair-minded speaker like Mr. Baldwin, loses through the microphone 50 per cent. of his appeal. In such political addresses fine orators cannot shape phrases with nicety. They must employ chunks of triteness and truism ("I am profoundly convinced that in *union* our strength lies," and so on), must invest empty phrases with immense gravity, and print their non-committal messages in foot-square type. Now this sort of fare is mere sawdust unless it can be served up by a spell-binding artist. There is no spell-binding possible (even to an artist) unless he can make full use of his personality, which is his magician's wand. And not one trained speaker in twenty can get across the ether and through the box a tenth part of the normal horse-power of his personality. So I find these election speeches very dreary quarter-hours, whether platitudinous or vituperative or egotistic, or all three combined.

BON RAT, BON CHAT.

—Has anything been forgotten? Nothing I think but a Millennium in a single word, and a newly discovered Golconda. It follows that in the same document the Manifesto could hardly hint at 6d. off income-tax next April! I commend the Manifesto as a business-like bludgeon for a dirty night at the crossroads. *Il y aura du vilain aux carrefours.* The National Platoon is marching up, sensibly equipped for the mud and blood—tin hats, gas masks, shovels, duckboards, thigh boots, and the rum ration. Carry on! Nothing like a General Election to set Messrs. Dilly and Dally busy. As I suggest, in election campaigns crude colours and thick grease paints must be the order of the day. You cannot say it with flowers—you must say it with megaphones and marlingspikes. And National Government, if it must suffer from such "fair criticism" as Mr. Attlee and Lord Snowden offered last week over the air, is justified in promising Utopias all round. Only, short as public memory is, election promises are not entirely forgotten when the polling's over. They may be "brought up for judgment, if called on," by a political opponent or disgruntled voter. But even that risk is justified to counter such crude and indefensible "inexactitude" as that which disgraced the broadcasts of Mr. Attlee and Lord Snowden.

POLITICAL BROADCASTS.—

Truly, they are among the most lamentable of the amenities with which science has dowered us; these political broadcasts.

CROWDS AT THE PALACE AT THE START OF ROYAL WEDDING WEEK: An animated scene outside the gates prior to the Changing of the Guard last Sunday morning. Many people attended in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of the King and Queen or of the Duke of Gloucester and his bride-to-be

A NEW BODLEIAN.—

A large number of bodies and authorities in Oxford must study and approve (or otherwise) Sir Gilbert Scott's plans for the new Bodleian library building which is to rise in the Broad. Oxford leads England in the art of preservation-cum-rationalisation, and these plans will be examined from every angle before the famous street is committed. It is no light task. The new building has got to hold 5,000,000 volumes, and will cover a very large corner site where Parks Road joins the Broad. On both streets the frontage is set back even more than regulations demand to admit of future road widening. The plan gives the proposed library something like a "private road" from the Parks Road to the point where by a right-angled archway the new building will join up with the older shop-frontage on the Broad, and, we hope, "melt into" the pleasant shops. The building will not tower over its neighbours. The Sheldonian and the Camera will dominate it. Inside, the most modern devices of library construction will be used, many of which may be seen by the interested in the admirable library in the L.C.C. building over Westminster Bridge.

"THE COMPLETE PEERAGE."

—A grand appeal for financial support to the completion of *The Complete Peerage* appeared last week. It may at first blush be thought that such an appeal at such a juncture is ill-timed. Wars, crises, economic blizzards, unemployment, advanced democracy, the breaking up of the last remaining class barriers and the burial of the age of privilege—who is likely at such a time to be interested in a new "peerage," a new *vade-mecum* to a titled class and their elaborate machinery of address, precedence, and so forth? Such a query would be based on ignorance and misconception. *The Complete Peerage* is no "snob's Bible"—it is a work of historical research, so vast, so deep, so exhaustive, as to be entitled to rank beside *The D.N.B.* or *The Oxford Dictionary*. Its cost has been immense. There is hardly a register in the most remote parish that has not been searched, hardly a tombstone. The result—six volumes are still to be produced—is a monumental history of Parliament and of British Parliamentary institutions, a history of the British Constitution, a social and political history of our race. There is nothing here of "snobbery"; if there be a good deal of "scandal" that is implicit in any social history. This mighty work deserves support; it must find its place in every representative library. There are many names associated with its inception, production, and financial support. *Imprimis*, Mr. G. E. Cokayne, who handed the torch to the late Mr. Vicary Gibbs, who in turn had the support to this day of Mr. H. A. Doubleday. Mr. Gibbs paid in cash as well as labour for the work of his life. He was supported by generous benefactors, among them Lord Howard de Walden, himself an antiquarian;

Lord Iveagh's father; the first Viscount Cowdray; and Sir H. Mallaby-Deeley, who gave over £30,000. Those who would support a mighty effort in historical research should send their subscriptions to Major Watts, Thames House, S.W.1. The Duke of Kent heads the list of patrons, the Primate the appeal committee. It is a work of national importance.

ALL CHANGE—AT THE EMBASSY.—When Barrie first enchanted and amused and even scandalised us with his *Admirable Crichton*, we lived, though we knew it not, in the end of the age of privilege. Heaven knows, in those Edwardian days, we thought we were liberal-minded and democratic enough. Were we not copying our fashions from the States, admitting city magnates to our inner circle (on terms), and learning the art of bicycling which made all men brothers and divided nothing but skirts? A radical peer was no new thing; a social evening where peers' daughters mingled with 'tweenies was in doubtful taste but not revolutionary. A butler, ordering his young ladyships about, was perhaps going a little far. But enchanting (and refined) young actors and actresses played the

THE QUEEN'S INTEREST IN ART: Her Majesty leaving the galleries in Hanover Square where she paid a surprise visit last Saturday to the exhibition of work by Professor Sigismund de Strobl, the distinguished Hungarian sculptor. All the exhibits are done in ruszcika marble, and the subjects are contemporary international celebrities

the point of the fooling has vanished. For the privileged class is no longer entrenched; the 'tweeny is no longer shy of voicing her aspirations and claiming her rights, and all too often Lady Mary swops places with her and does her work (because she must) far more conscientiously than ever a film-struck 'tweeny does it to-day. That is the virtue of revivals of plays that set on record the social fashions of a generation. But jewels from the old play are still bright and rich to handle. Here is one I loved to repeat, very apt at election time: "I am conscious of a rising feeling of nausea which your conversation does little to dispel." Lord Loam to-day, realising the importance of time, would substitute, "Cut it out." But one loves an old curiosity shop. *O tempora, o mores! Le temps s'en va . . . . Las! Le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons!*

USHERING IN THE YEAR FOURTEEN: His Excellency Dino Grandi, Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and his wife pictured at the Italian Club in London where there was a gathering a few days ago to celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of Mussolini's march on Rome and the establishment of the Fascist regime

roles. Did not Gerald du Maurier in this play woo and win Muriel Beaumont for his wife? And the play was accepted as quite genteel and most charming fooling. And now after all these years and convulsions, Barrie's charming fooling is presented again. The fooling is there;

ARS LONGA. — In this "lull" in the European crisis, when Englishmen are taking a well-earned holiday spent in political recrimination, lies, and hard words, it is pleasant to turn into the by-streets of culture. To think of those learned experts who are busily engaged in preparing for exhibition those gems of art which represented the life's work of consummate craftsmen during six centuries of wars and political upheavals. Or to turn into the Barbizon Gallery in Henrietta Street and to feast one's eyes on Mr. John Cole's charming records of what is left in modern London of the work of craftsmen-joiners and masons of the eighteenth century—those old bow-windows with their bottle glass, those few remaining Adam fanlights and mouldings, those neat and tiny and perpetually pleasing façades which remain like a chance caviare sandwich among a bagful of railway station ham sandwiches. Wherever art offers a bolt-hole, it is a relief to pop down into it these hectic, strident days, into the art galleries, the concert halls, the public museums, and the book shops. If our political and economic fate is to be sealed a few days hence, we shall climb the ladder to prosperity or fall more gracefully down the crater, if we remember that art outlives dynasties and that culture is a safeguard and a solace even to men in gaol.

MILITARY USE OF COMMONS.—No settlement has ever been reached, no permanent local agreement made, on the vexed question of the use of common-lands and National Trust property by the military during training (which extends far beyond manœuvres). In the Aldershot Command area, so rich in such commons, the problem is always acute. The army's training is likely to increase in scope and intensity; Aldershot's own training areas are admittedly too small; a wealth of commons lie handy and convenient. If the infantry and cavalry training manuals of 1914 were still effective, I fancy no problem would exist. The soldier, individually at least, is as much entitled to use the commons as a civilian local resident. No objection ever was raised to the older forms of infantry training on commons, nor to field days. The position to-day is of course complicated by mechanical transport. Where the infantry goes, these caterpillars must go, and they are bulky and heavy insects, which not only destroy bracken and heather and gorse, and crumble paths and banks, but also blaze a trail which attracts the always venturesome motorist. First, it would interest me to know if such military engines in their progress across these commons are liable to the penalty so rigidly enforced against motorists who stray more than 15 yards from the highway. Second, to know at what point an individual's right of access ceases by his planned association with other individuals. The army must be properly trained; without open spaces it cannot be trained. But no satisfactory working agreement will ever be made between the local army authority and the local commons authority. The National Trust Committees are like the B.B.C. They cannot please everybody and so have scores of local critics. They have no funds for reparations and often no funds for upkeep. No settlement will ever be reached until the Government has studied the problem and given a lead by pronouncement or legislation. Nothing to-day can justify a local trust committee in giving permission for the exercise of tanks up (say) the Devil's Punch Bowl. The local residents are justified in bitterly resenting the damage done to local amenity. The problem has got to be faced by authority before next summer.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.—The Royal Wedding is over, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are now honeymooning at Boughton. This number of THE SPHERE deals generously with the subject, and there is very little for me to add. The King and Queen have now three daughters-in-law, all charming, each possessed of outstanding individual gifts and special talents; between them, superbly equipped to adorn and take charge of any situation where the presence of a royal lady of the first grade is demanded. Three first-rate teams to relieve the King and Queen in their long and arduous course of public duty.

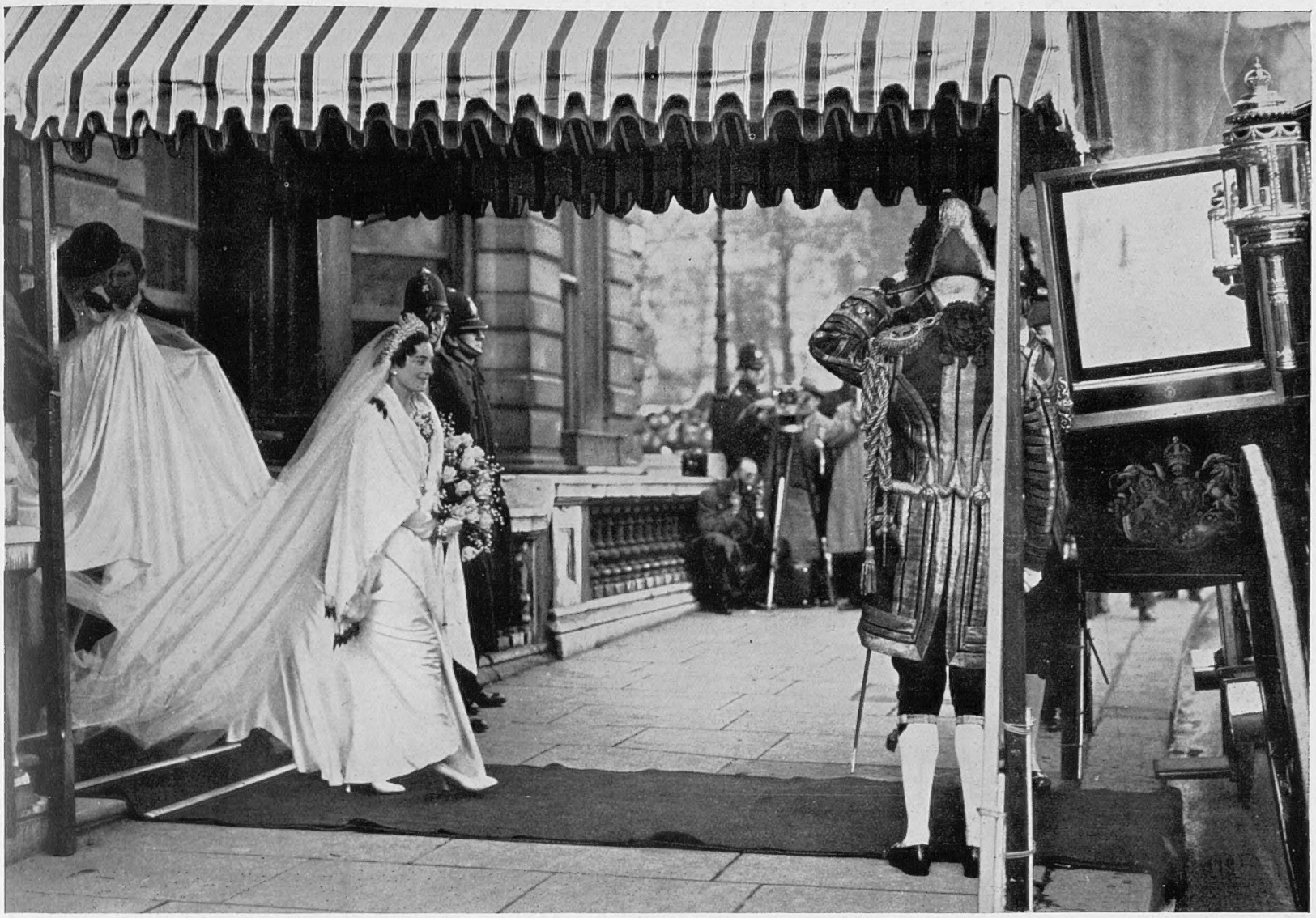
THE OLD STAGER

A HUNTING CENTENARY

The Duke of Beaufort's Pack Moving Off to Draw after the Recent Invitation Meet in the Heythrop Country

A hundred years ago the country which is now the Heythrop comprised a portion of the territory of the Beaufort, but in 1835, the then Duke of Beaufort, announced that he would no longer hunt there, and as a result the Heythrop was then formed as a separate pack. To celebrate this centenary the Duke last week travelled forty miles from Badminton with his hounds to an invitation meet at Lower Swell, near Stow-on-the-Wold, and thus the famous blue and buff once again made its appearance in this part of the world. A large field, representative of both hunts, turned out for the occasion, and excellent sport was enjoyed, one fox providing an exhilarating fifty minutes' run to Eyford Hill, with plenty of walls for those who wanted them and, in many cases, no alternatives for those who did not. This was one of the first meets of the 1935–36 season which, after some successful weeks of cubbing, has now opened officially. Prospects in most parts of England are said to be exceptionally good

THE BRIDE LEAVES FOR THE WEDDING



SETTING OUT FROM No. 2 GROSVENOR PLACE: Lady Alice, who was warmly cheered as she emerged, leaving her home, whence she drove to Buckingham Palace for the wedding ceremony, accompanied by her eldest brother, the new Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The beautiful bridal gown of an elusive shade of white and pinky satin, had a 12-ft. long train and the veil composed of cascades of tulle, was of the same tint

ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS

The bride smiling back at the crowd, among which were many people from her native Scotland. A picture taken on Constitution Hill

MATTERS METROPOLITAN

A London Survey

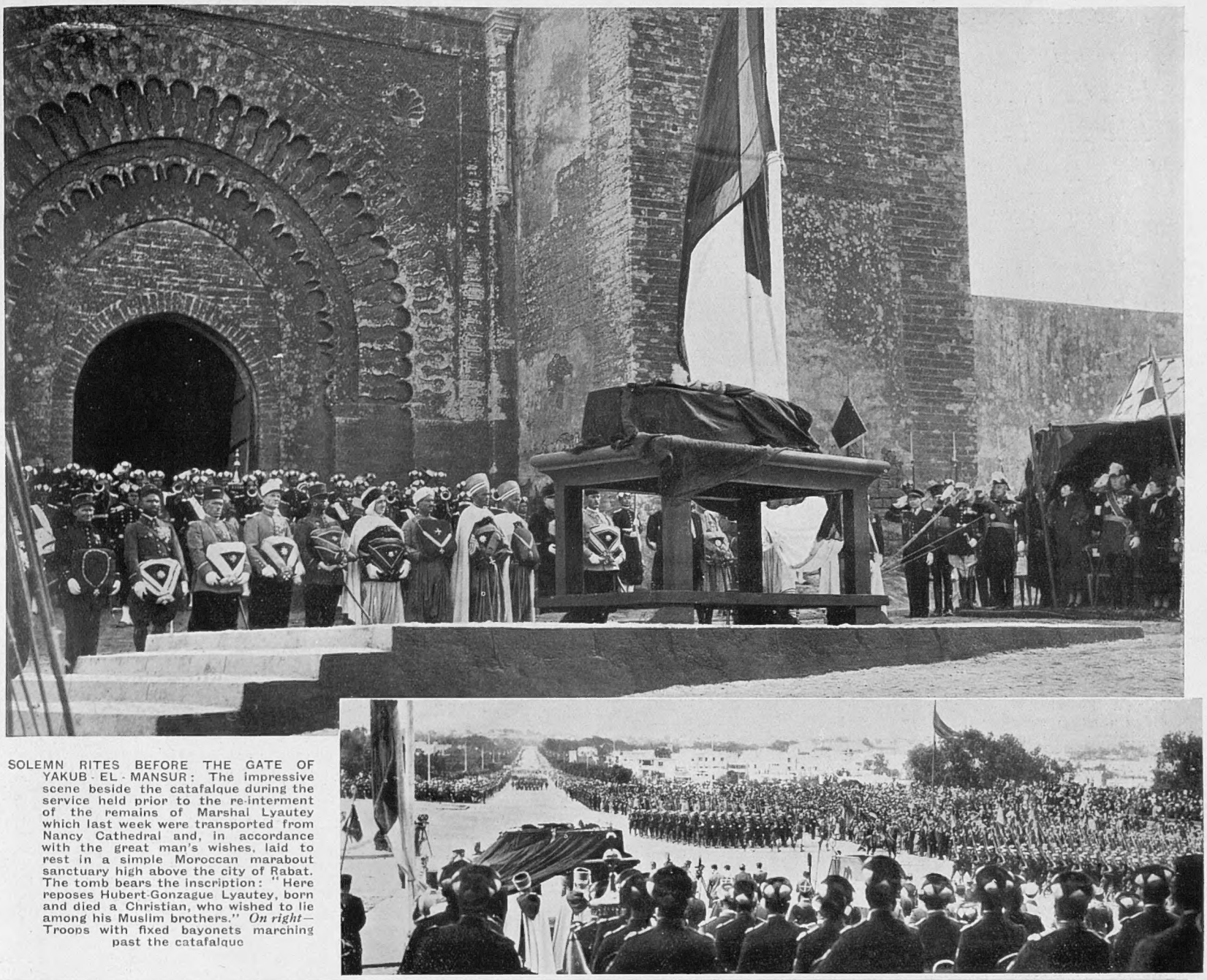
Above on left—THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING AND FISH FESTIVAL AT ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE EAST: Some of the gifts displayed in the aisle during last Sunday's services at this City church. They were afterwards sent to Guy's and other London hospitals. *Above on right*—Mr. Christopher Stone, who recently broadcast from the B.B.C. an appeal on behalf of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. He is pictured here with an injured puppy that had received treatment in a P.D.S.A. ambulance

TREASURES FROM THE ORIENT: A scene at the Royal Academy, where art works from the palace at Pekin are still being unpacked in readiness for the forthcoming Winter Exhibition of Chinese Art. The task is being carried out under the supervision of Mr. Tonoji Okada. *On left*—The Hon. Stephen Tomlin, second son of Lord Tomlin, with the statue, over 9 ft. high and weighing 1½ tons, which he has submitted to the exhibition of the London Group which is to be opened next week at the New Burlington Galleries. This giant figure is eventually to be placed in the Hon. Brian Guinness's garden at Andover

The Great Soldier and Colonial Administrator Re-interred on the Heights Above Rabat

LAST TRIBUTES TO MARSHAL LYAUTEY

French and Native Troops Take Part in Elaborate and Impressive Military Ceremonial



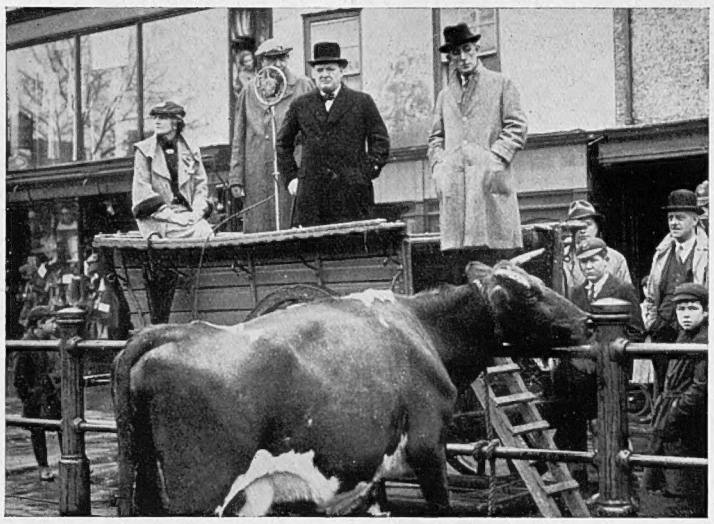
SOLEMN RITES BEFORE THE GATE OF YAKUB-EL-MANSUR: The impressive scene beside the catafalque during the service held prior to the re-interment of the remains of Marshal Lyautey which last week were transported from Nancy Cathedral and, in accordance with the great man's wishes, laid to rest in a simple Moroccan marabout sanctuary high above the city of Rabat. The tomb bears the inscription: "Here reposes Hubert-Gonzague Lyautey, born and died a Christian, who wished to lie among his Muslim brothers." *On right*—Troops with fixed bayonets marching past the catafalque

HONOURING THE MAKER OF MODERN MOROCCO: Armoured cars taking part in the procession through the thronged streets of Rabat at the conclusion of the memorial service, which brought many thousands of natives into the town to pay tribute to the leader who, by his wise and just methods of government, won not only their respect but their affection. Lyautey was born at Nancy in 1854, he was on active service in Algeria from 1880 to 1882, and rose to be a General of Division in 1907. He was made resident Commissary-General in Morocco in 1912, and, during his two terms of office, built up for France a colony with a great economic future. In recognition of his services he was promoted to the rank of Marshal in 1921, and his death took place in July of last year

MODERN ELECTIONEERING WEAPONS

How the Loud-speaker is Revolutionising Political Warfare and Enables the Candidate to Dominate the Heckler

The Cinema — First Used by the Conservatives Four Years Ago — Again Plays its Part in the Present Campaign



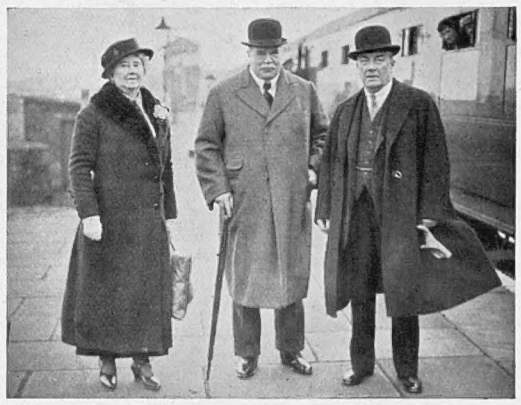
A THREE-CORNERED FIGHT: Mr. Winston Churchill using a loud-speaker when addressing constituents from a farm wagon in the market place at Epping after he had handed in his nomination papers. In spite of the fact that at the last election he had the very substantial majority of twenty thousand, he is opposed this time by both a Liberal and a Labour candidate

ONE fact is already clear about the present General Election. It marks the triumph of the loud-speaker. Science has already transformed military warfare; it is now revolutionising the political battle. The loud-speaker to the politician is what the tank was to the Allies; a most puissant weapon of offence. It enables him to dominate the heckler as the tank dominates infantry. The verbal missiles hurled at him have now no more effect than bullets striking an armoured plate. To riposte he need not even raise his voice. He has merely to bring his mouth a little closer to the microphone, and the words boom forth with overwhelming resonance. High above the heads of his impotent audience the swelling volume of his eloquence pours out as from some gigantic gramophone. Its organ-like, if somewhat metallic, notes continue inexorable, irresistible, pitilessly swamping the clamour of the defenceless punies who would oppose it.

It is not only that the loud-speaker can drown the noisiest heckler. It also enormously increases the range of the speaker. At Camberwell Baths last Friday, when Winston Churchill was supporting the candidate, the hall in which the meeting was being held was half empty. Entrance was by ticket only and all cards were carefully scrutinised before admission was given at a side entrance. The main gates were locked and police posted to guard them very early in the proceedings. But though several hundred people were thus debarred from the privilege of seeing a former Chancellor of the Exchequer in the flesh, they were still able to hear every word he spoke, thanks to loud-speakers fixed outside the building.

In fact, the hearing outside was much better than inside. A handful of political opponents had managed to pass the doorkeeper and were conducting an organised obstructionist tactic. The sound of their efforts, however, scarcely came over the loud-speaker as it was only from time to time, as when Mr. Churchill momentarily diverged from his theme to refer to "that demented female who is now being escorted out of the building," that we outside got an indication that all was not perfect harmony within.

At open-air meetings the loud-speaker is perhaps of even greater value, as here the orator is competing not only with his hecklers, but also with motor-vans, 'buses, musical errand boys, dog-fights, etc. As few candidates possess a portable apparatus, the Conservative Central Office provide neat little vans equipped with the necessary mechanism, which can get round to half-a-dozen meetings in a morning. The crew usually consists, besides the driver, of one or more speakers, also supplied by the Central Office, who are experts in the peculiar art of street-corner oratory. It is a non-stop form of entertainment in which the chief asset of the performer is a capacity for continuing his harangue unmoved when fists are being brandished within an inch or so of his microphone. In the last resort, of course, the latter can be adapted as a knuckle-duster and used in defence. In the hands of a man still comparatively fresh—and not, like his opponents, hoarse and exhausted with shouting—it would make quite a formidable weapon.



THE PREMIER AT LIVERPOOL: Mr. Baldwin pictured with his wife and Lord Derby on his arrival in the city to address two important meetings. As in 1931 he has been returned unopposed for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire, and is thus free to assist some of his Cabinet colleagues in their campaigns

ACTIVITY AT THE LADIES CARLTON CLUB: Lady Peel *(left)*, wife of Sir Arthur Peel, and other voluntary workers engaged in addressing envelopes, etc., to assist those constituencies unable to cope with their clerical work

PREPARING FOR THE POLL: A busy scene at Islington Town Hall, where ballot boxes are being cleaned, notices to the electorate are being pasted on billboards, and other arrangements are being made for the voting

In this new arm of political warfare, the Conservatives have, as in every other, an advantage owing to their financial resources. On the other hand the need of the Socialists is less, as they suffer hardly at all from heckling. At both the socialist meetings I attended over the week-end, one in London and one outside, the speakers were listened to in an almost religious silence; while I have scarcely ever been present at a Conservative meeting, at any rate in a popular district, which was not constantly in danger of degenerating into a shouting-match.

In a provincial town which I visited this week very effective use of the loud-speaker was made by the Labour candidate, who had the instrument attached to the roof of his small Ford car and employed it both for open-air meetings and canvassing. His method was the following. The car would arrive at the commencement of a street, where he announced his presence. The sound of his voice, amplified by the loud-speaker, generally brought a few people to their windows or doorsteps, even after dark. He would then say a few words on some aspect or other of the issue calculated to appeal to the people in that particular district, and invite anybody who cared to come out and argue the point. After which he would walk down the street, shaking hands with some, asking for the support of others, and generally making himself known to the electors. His agent told me this is one of the most effective forms of their propaganda, and has done a lot to offset the lavish bill-posting of the other side, which the Labour man is unable to afford. His opponent, in spite of hiring all the largest halls for meetings, remains practically unknown to the mass of the constituents.

Another powerful and comparatively recent electioneering weapon is the cinema. First used by the Conservatives in 1931, the propagandist film is playing a far bigger role in the present elections, and will play, I predict, an ever bigger one in the future. By the end of the campaign the National Government's self-advertising travelling "talky" will have been seen by millions of the electorate. It is better publicity than the broadcaster because the impression given is visual as well as oral; it is better propaganda than any meeting because more entertaining and therefore less liable to provoke opposition. In a word it is the ideal method for administering dope to the populace.

Side by side with these novelties, of course, the traditional practices still continue. The house to house visit, the candidates' address to his electors (circulated through the post), the leaflets and hoardings, all play their part as in the past.

Fundamentally, moreover, there is not much change. If the methods of courting them are new, the mentality of the voters remains almost the same. For the Conservative born and bred, the unrepentant Liberal, or the loyal Labour man loud-speaker or film has little appeal. Each of these will vote as he always has and always will. It is only the large "floating" element with no settled political convictions that can be influenced by such means. And here there are so many incalculable factors that it would be hard to estimate just how much that influence counts for.

G. A. M.

UNOPPOSED RETURNS

Forty candidates are not having to fight the election, and as a result the state of parties is at present:—

Conservatives - - -	23
Liberal Nationals - -	3
Labour - - - -	13
Independent - - -	1

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade, are both among this number.

THREE-CORNERED FIGHTS

Three candidates are in opposition in each of 147 constituencies, and the contests include:—

Cons., Lib., and Soc. -	106
L. Nat., Lib., and Soc. -	2
Nat. Lab., Lib., and Soc. -	4
Cons., Soc., and Ind. -	15
Cons., Soc., and I.L.P. -	10

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Europe in Uniform

Happenings in Germany, Austria, Italy, and Greece

On right—
SWORN-IN OVER THE FLAG: New recruits of General Göring's Country Police Force being enrolled at a Berlin barracks. The Prussian Premier is, without doubt, the foremost protagonist of the policy of putting the German people into uniform, and of building up the nation's defences. In a militant speech delivered at Breslau a few days ago, he said: "Adolf Hitler has saved Germany from being a second Abyssinia. Everywhere you see new factories arising; the wheels are turning, the hammers are crashing down. We are working in three shifts, day and night, and we shall continue to do so until we are no longer unprotected." These significant sentences were omitted, it should be noted, from the final version of the speech circulated by the official Government news agency

CAVALCADE: Signor Mussolini inspecting detachments of all branches of the service at the Villa Glori on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Metropolitan Police Force of Rome. The armed motor-cycle detachment was drawn up with military precision

THE KING-MAKER: General Kondylis (*centre, holding stick*), the Greek Premier and Regent, pictured at a parade in Athens. It will be remembered that he put down the Venizelist rebellion last March, and took over the reins of Government about a month ago when the Cabinet resigned followng an ultimatum by the army leaders demanding an immediate restoration of the monarchy

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S AUSTRIAN DISCIPLE: Prince Starhemberg, leader of the Heimwehr, giving the Fascist salute at a march past of 30,000 of his followers at Linz, Upper Austria. He is now said to be the virtual dictator of the country, having secured the dismissal from the Cabinet of his great rival, Major Emil von Fey, whose popularity has declined considerably during the past eighteen months

A Modern Klondyke

Boliden, the Swedish Town of Mushroom Growth, where a Gold Mine, Once Owned by the Ill-fated Ivar Kreuger, is Now Giving a Valuable Yield

EUROPE'S NEW GOLD MINE: Engines carrying away the glacial rock overlying rich beds of ore

By ROY ELSTON

GOLD! It is not only the intrinsic value of the stuff which makes it fascinating. It gives the queerest sense of enchantment to the queerest places: the irresistible lure; the buried treasure idea; the unexpected fortune: visions of Klondyke, Coolgardie and the Rand — huskies, human stampedes, bushrangers, shooting-up the town, adventure in the true Jack London tradition: that's romance, too, when you come to think of it.

They say that oil is the thing to look for in these days, not gold. Perhaps it is. International affairs stink of it. But tell a hardened gold-prospector that and he will think you a sorry lad. Oil-prospectors are clever fellows as a rule, and that is about all; but gold prospectors—I have met them by the score, shared their tinned beef and billy-tea—are incurable romantics, dreamers, philosophers to whom gold is not only a precious metal but a symbol of vagabond enchantment. The jolliest life in the world; a gold-prospector's.

Is this romantic or is it not? A few years ago there was found near the north-east coast of Sweden a boulder containing gold. It had been carried to the site of its discovery by glacial action. Where had it come from? Where was the parent body from which it had been dislodged those so many thousands of years ago? A couple of geologists got together and, with their sentient noses to the ground, foot by foot, inch by inch, they tracked the truant boulder's prehistoric voyage.

The tracks led north-west over rocky fell and mountain, through forest and lonely wilderness, stopping dead a few miles from the Arctic circle: Alaskan latitudes. They were not surface tracks. That would have been easy. They were tracks which lay metres deep under the enormous moraines heaped up by the continental ice-cap at the dawn of history. Nevertheless, by geo-physical, and especially geo-electrical means, the prospectors were able to follow the subterranean tracks right into the bosom of the exiled boulder's family.

A lonely widow was growing rye on the site, and pasturing a few lean cows and goats. She was paid off handsomely and sent packing, with her cows and goats. Diamond drills were erected on the spot. They bored through a deep over-burden of glacial rock and revealed to the excited prospectors a rich lode of ore containing high percentages of gold, arsenic, copper, silver, bismuth, and antimony: *Gold!*—With the whole world screaming for it.

Thus was established one of the richest mines in Europe; and thus, in a few years, a thriving town grew up in a near-arctic wilderness. They called it Boliden.

One associates this sort of thing with America, Africa, and Australia, not with Europe; and although I talk knowingly about it now, six weeks ago I had never heard of Boliden. I happened to be in Stockholm, one of the nicest places in the world to be in, at an excellent hotel—Nils Trulsson runs it, one of the world's best hotelmen, whom old guests of the Kaiserhof in Berlin are sure to remember; and he has a delightful head-waiter, who is not above taking Kreuger's place in the Swedish financial hierarchy should the opportunity come his way!

That was how it started. Kreuger . . . "If he had only stuck it out a few months longer, sir . . . That gold mine of his, for example."

What gold mine?

The head-waiter fished out of his pocket a cutting from an old *New York Herald*, a year old, or perhaps two years, I forget. It gave a report of the vain attempts of a group of London financiers to secure control of a gold mine reputed to be the richest in Europe and one of the most promising in the world. With a by-product of arsenic, the yield of which was already far in excess of entire world requirements.

At Boliden, wherever Boliden was; and Ivar Kreuger secured the property shortly before he took his own life; richer than he ever dreamed it would be; a desolate, wind-bitten, god-forsaken wilderness when he died, a minor El Dorado two years later. And all because of a pyrite boulder that had gone for a ride on the back of a glacier 10,000 years ago.

I shook hands with the head-waiter and jumped into the night express from Stockholm. Boliden is up north, where the Northern Lights are, and the Lapps with their reindeer. Eighteen hours from Stockholm. Swedish distances are appalling. I suppose the country comes to an end somewhere, but it takes an unconscionable time to get to it.

A few particulars were given to me in the Stockholm office of the company before I left. I learned that the Boliden area had emerged from the grip of the ice between 8,000 and 10,000 years ago—not so long as these things go. The present production of the mine is about 400,000 metric tons a year. The yield from this quantity of crude ore averages 6,000 tons of electrolytic copper in the form cathodes or wire bars, about 18,000 kilograms of of silver and 8,000 kilograms of gold, together with various by-products, the most important of which are sulphur and arsenic.

Villas and gardens, a soft, undulating country merging into a harsher landscape, here and there a sizeable town, wooden railway stations which we pass swiftly, smaller towns, and the rocky outcrops developing into mountains of rock, farms like wooden stockades, river and rock and forest, saw-mills, and a long succession of railway bridges, the farther north the wider the rivers, the thicker the forests, the fewer the settlements, dusk at midnight and dawn at 2 a.m., a pale green dawn with rocky yellowing mountains, and rivers a quarter of a mile wide bearing purple islands of lumber, and that sense of northern loneliness of the aloofness of earth!

Dead on time, after slightly more than eighteen hours, the train drew up at Skelleftea, a little wooden town on the Gulf of Bothnia. It is the station for Roennskaer, the site of the big smelting works constructed by the Boliden Company for the treatment of its ores and the storage of huge deposits of arsenic. It is one of the liveliest places in Sweden; mud, cinders, the smell of sulphur and super-heat, caterpillar lines of ore trucks, cranes, derricks, and a host of ingenious paraphernalia engaged in transport from truck to smelters and smelters to ship, sky high, belching chimneys, arsenic silos, slag dumps, roaring furnaces, sweat and grime, tumult and heat. . . .

And a little bar of gleaming gold!

In view of the present value of gold, Boliden ore is primarily regarded as gold ore, with copper and silver playing relatively subordinate parts. But it differs considerably in character from most of the other gold ores of the world; and cannot be subjected to the usual cyanide process. The methods adopted in the enormous works at Roennskaer are unique, and are the outcome of years of experimental work.

What those methods are I shall not pretend to know, beyond their obvious features, which were shown and explained to me, with delightful courtesy and patience, by Mr. Torell, the chief metallurgist at Roennskaer. Here they are in their principal stages: crushing and bedding of ore and fluxes—a noisy, dark and dusty business; roasting to remove the arsenic and most of the sulphur—I like the roasting part, peeps into a Dantesque inferno breathing multi-coloured flame; removal of the arsenious oxide from the roaster gases; smelting of the calcines in reverberatory furnaces—pretty things, calcines, flames of white, green and gold silk, dancing in the revolving furnace like Satan's *corps de ballet;* blowing of matte to blister copper; preliminary refining of the blister—it looks like a blister, too—an enormous copper blister—and casting of anodes, electrolytic refining with recovery of the gold and silver.

At the end, more arsenic than they know what to do with: and those little bars of gleaming gold . . . and high dividends to the shareholders of the Boliden Company.

According to Mr. Torell, the total world's consumption of arsenic is about 35,000 tons. Boliden can supply more than these total needs; and its laboratory experts have therefore set about finding new uses for the surplus arsenic stored in a huge, hermetically-sealed arsenic magazine at Roennskaer. Large quantities have been shipped during the last two years to South Africa, where it is used in the fight against locusts; and Mr. Torell tells me that among the new uses discovered in the

(Continued on p. 234)

RISEN FROM THE WILDERNESS: The little town of Boliden which suddenly came into being on the discovery of gold in the vicinity. It is quite unlike the type of mining settlement envisaged by Jack London and Bret Harte, the well-built houses of the officials and the miners standing in neat, orderly rows

THE HERMETICALLY-SEALED ARSENIC MAGAZINE AT ROENNSKAER: This metal ranks next to gold as the most valuable product of the Boliden mine, and it is stored here after being extracted from the crude ore and then refined

RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY IN ETHIOPIA

THE SPLENDOUR OF BROCADE: A deacon of the Coptic Church wearing a gorgeous vestment and head-dress at an open-air festival held recently in the square outside St. George's Cathedral at Addis Ababa. Such services usually last from dawn till dusk and the powerful princes of the Church always take the greatest pains to insure the attendance of members of the Royal Family

On right—AN ABYSSINIAN HARP: A primitive but melodious type of stringed instrument which is always much in evidence on festival days

Extreme right—THE SACRED IMAGE: A painting of the Virgin and Child being displayed to the crowds outside St. George's Cathedral and protected from the fierce sun by an umbrella. Saints and angels are highly revered in Abyssinia but, while pictures and frescoes are allowed, there is a very strict rule that no statues may be erected to them

THE METHODICAL

KEEPING PACE WITH THE ADVANCE: Engineers engaged in erecting telegraph lines in order to link up Massawa, Adi Ugri, Asmara, and other bases in Eritrea with the outposts which have now been established beyond the Adowa-Adigrat line in the province of Tigré. Up to now General de Bono, the Commander-in-Chief, has not attempted to achieve any spectacular victories, preferring to establish efficient communications along every mile of conquered territory before penetrating farther into enemy country. It is thought probable that the Marchese Marconi will shortly go out to East Africa to superintend wireless and telegraphic work

REHEARSAL

Native warriors, who are assisting the Italian forces, engaged in battle-drill at a camp not far from Adigrat

IN THE CAMP AT ADIGRAT: brought back by a runner —A machine-gun unit em light tanks. Up to now

ADVANCE OF THE ITALIANS :

Steady Progress Across Difficult Terrain in Northern Tigré

WATERLOGGED IN AN ALMOST WATERLESS LAND: A transport lorry abandoned after becoming embedded in swampy ground beside the newly constructed but hazardous road between Adi-Kaie and Adigrat, which is said to have about 1,500 hairpin bends, and along which all the supplies are being carried to General Santini's army

RELIEF FOR MAN AND BEAST: *Above*—A soldier watering his mule at a pool in a nearly dried-up river bed, while others bathe their feet after a long and arduous march. *Right*—A native filling water-bags which are carried on mule-back to the Italian camps beyond the Adowa-Adigrat line. The precious liquid has to be severely rationed, and only a small proportion of it is available for washing purposes

An officer opening a despatch from one of the advance posts. *Below* ployed in covering the advance of they have had little serious fighting

Some of the 50,000 men of the Labour Battalions who have worked wonders in establishing road communication between Eritrea and the front

PIONEERS

THE SCOTTS OF BUCK-CLEUCH

An Account of the Origin of this Famous Border Family

THE origin of the name, Buccleuch, so difficult for the southerner to pronounce or spell, lies in the legendary past. The founder of the famous Border clan of Scotts, wandering from Galloway, happened to be in Ettrick Forest where Kenneth III, King of Scotland, was out hunting. The buck which had been started was proving difficult to capture, when outdistancing all the others, Scott seized it by the horns and throwing it alive across his back brought it to the King. The ravine ever since has been known as the Buck Cleuch, and the crest of the family carries on the tradition, being a stag with golden horns and hoofs. It is certain anyway, that Scotts began to settle in the Border district from the twelfth century, although it was not till 1487, that a Scott appeared in the parliament of James III, under the designation "Dominus de Buccleuch."

From that time onward Scotts played a foremost part in Border conflict, and in all the poetry which has been handed down their name is prominent. The Buccleuchs have always been acknowledged as the head of the clan, which fought gallantly against the "auld enemy" the English, across the Border, and carried on the usual deadly feuds with their neighbours. Raiding cattle, rescuing clansmen, pursuing marauders made up the life of the Scotts, if Border poetry can be relied upon. "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow" tells of the tragic death of a certain Walter Scott who had eloped with Grizel Scott of Thirlstane, and in consequence was set upon and slain by kinsmen. And then there is the exciting story of "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead," whose house had been stripped bare by the Captain of Bewcastle. The ballad tells us how Jamie distractedly seeks help from his neighbours, getting none till he comes to Branksome Hall, when "the auld Buccleuch" rouses all his clan and pursues the raider, who was driving the cattle down Teviotdale.

Branksome, as it appears in the ballads, was Branxholm Tower, built on rising ground above the Teviot, close enough to England to suffer with every onslaught. It was burnt by the Earl of Northumberland in 1532, and its walls destroyed by the Earl of Surrey in 1570. The Branxholme of to-day, though much altered by additions, still contains part of the building put up after Surrey's demolition, the entrance doorway bearing the arms of the owners—Sir Walter Scott 1571 and "Dame Margaret Douglas his Spous."

A particularly deadly feud existed between the Kerrs and the Scotts, due to an incident in 1526, when Buccleuch and his clansmen tried to rescue young James V from his guardian, the Earl of Angus. They waylaid Angus and the king near Melrose, and seemed likely to succeed when a party of Homes and Kerrs galloped up and drove off the Scotts. In the pursuit Kerr of Cessford was slain and this started an "eye for eye" family ferocity which became a national nuisance. The Scottish Government at last brought the chieftains together and made them take solemn oaths not to take vengeance for any crime "committit in tyme bypast." This finally healed the feud, a marriage took place between Sir Thomas Kerr of Fernihirst and Janet daughter of William Scott of Branxholm and Buccleuch. It is interesting to remember that a son of this marriage was the favourite of James I, the notorious Robert Kerr, Viscount Rochester.

The Scotts of Buccleuch had profited very largely over the downfall of the Douglases in the reign of James III, many of their great estates being handed out to those who had supported the King. In this way Buccleuch obtained the forest of Ettrick and Selkirk, and land in Roxburgh, and were great landowners at the time King James VI succeeded to the throne of England. Shortly afterwards Buccleuch was raised to the peerage, as Earl of Buccleuch. Francis, the second Earl, who had married Lady Janet Douglas, daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, had no son, but his daughter, Anne, a great heiress, comes into history as the wife of the unlucky James, Duke of Monmouth. She was only twelve years old when her ambitious mother picked upon the illegitimate son of Charles II as a suitable husband. The King was quite willing, and the bridegroom, a lad of fourteen, had to agree, and on the wedding day was created Duke of Buccleuch. As was not unlikely, the marriage was

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH: The natural son of Charles II by Lucy Walters, who was born at Rotterdam in 1649 during his father's exile, and in 1663, when only fourteen years old, was married to the twelve-year-old Countess of Buccleuch. He was executed following the failure of his attempt to seize the crown on the accession of James II

AN ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE BUCCLEUCH FAMILY: The east wing of Branxholm, the feudal castle on the Teviot near Hawick, Roxburgh. It was here that Sir Walter Scott laid the scene of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

THE WILD BORDER COUNTRY: Typical scenery in the Ettrick district of Selkirk which is rich in historic associations. It was here that Adam Scott, "the King of the Border," was executed in 1530

BOUGHTON HOUSE, KETTERING: The Northamptonshire seat of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Queensberry which was built in the seventeenth century by the first Duke of Montagu

The Countess Anne and her Union with the House of Stuart

not a happy one. Monmouth was handsome, ambitious, and restless, while his wife was mentally his superior. Evelyn describes her as "one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex," the poet Gay was her secretary for a time, and Dryden, who dedicated one of his plays to her, inscribed it to his "first and best patroness." Monmouth neglected his Scottish wife, indulged in many amours, but seemed to have had a sincere affection for Lady Wentworth whom he declared on the scaffold was his only wife in the sight of God—much to the horror of the Bishop in attendance. He was constantly the centre of plots and rebellions, with intervals of reconciliation with the king, till at last he headed the rebellion of the Protestants against the popish King James II and was executed in consequence.

The Duchess Anne visited her husband when a prisoner in the Tower, and was deeply affected at his tragic situation, though she had long been apart from him. Monmouth betrayed no emotion, but he did have the good feeling to declare her complete innocence of his plots against the King. By some good fortune the Duchess had been able to steer her way through all the difficult times without arousing suspicion, and throughout her long life retained the confidence of the reigning monarch of the time.

Three years after Monmouth's execution the Duchess Anne, who had been allowed to retain all her estates, married Charles, Lord Cornwallis. She lived to the age of eighty, having seen the reigns of Charles II, James II, William III and Mary, Queen Anne, and George I, enjoying her life, in spite of tribulations, so that when she was nearly seventy she was described as having "all the life and fire of youth."

Sir Walter Scott knew three Dukes of Buccleuch, but it was Charles, the fourth Duke, who was his staunch friend, showing it markedly when at the time of Scott's financial disaster he offered him the guarantee of many thousands of pounds. Scott reverenced the head of his clan, not from any snobbishness, but from sheer historic sense, the Duke being the descendant of the old knights of Branxholm, whose name rang in the ballads he loved so dearly. Scott visited Drumlanrig Castle, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry, which had just been inherited by Buccleuch, and he notes in his journal, on a later visit, how much it had been improved.

"The exterior is much improved since I first saw it. It was then in the state of dilapidation to which it had been abandoned by the celebrated old Q, and was indeed scarce wind and water tight. Then the whole wood had been felled, and the outraged castle stood in the midst of waste and desolation, excepting a few scattered old stumps, not worth the cutting. Now the whole has been, ten or twelve years since, completely replanted, and the scattered seniors look as graceful as fathers surrounded by their children."

The name of Montagu-Douglas-Scott which is held by the Buccleuch branch of the Scott family, has been acquired through marriage. Henry, the third Duke of Buccleuch, who died in 1812, married Lady Elizabeth Montagu, who brought considerable estates with her, one of them being Boughton House, in Northamptonshire, one of the seats of the present Duke of Buccleuch. It was built by the first Duke of Montagu, late in the seventeenth century, and has remained almost untouched since that time, retaining the same furniture and style of decoration. A portion of the previous Tudor building was incorporated into the new structure, but apart from this, it is almost a pure example of period building. Famous avenues lead up to the house, planted by the succeeding Duke, who gained the name of "Planter John" from his intense interest in the development of these avenues, which it is said would extend for over seventy miles if placed end to end.

The name of Douglas came through Lady Janet Douglas, the daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, who married Francis, the 2nd Earl of Buccleuch, and it was through her that the title of Queensberry eventually was inherited by the Buccleuchs. With the title came Drumlanrig Castle in Nithsdale, Dumfries, the historic seat of the Queensberrys.

B. H.

+ Cheering Crowds at the Palace +

THE CAVALCADE ABOUT TO WHEEL INTO THE FORECOURT: The animated scene as Lady Alice and her brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, in a glass coach drawn by bay horses with scarlet and gold trappings, passed through the welcoming throng assembled outside the gates. Bright autumn sunshine brought many thousands of people flocking into London, and from an early hour they began to gather at the various points of vantage

CROWDED CONSTITUTION HILL: A picture taken a moment after Lady Alice had passed, and the spectators, previously held back, had overrun the roadway. Throughout the journey the bride leant forward and waved repeatedly, almost everyone obtaining an excellent view as the coach was provided with large windows. Earlier they had witnessed the arrival of the bridesmaids and, needless to say, there was a special welcome for Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose

CHOSEN BY A ROYAL BRIDE

Models that are Included in the New Duchess's Trousseau

Mist grey velvet was Lady Alice's selection for her going-away suit which is shown on the extreme right. The plastron front is of shaded grey ermine, the slender-waisted coat widens at the hem, and the hat and her bag were made in matching velvet

On the right is a charming afternoon frock which Lady Alice had made in grey-beige satin. Little cut-out flowers run down the front and surmount the stitched cuffs, which match the turned-down collar and folded jabot. There is a low pleat at each side of the pencil straight skirt

One of the loveliest gowns which Lady Alice will wear is seen on the left. In amethyst velvet, with pale violets at the waist and a sash lined with pastel blue, it has deep cuffs of chinchilla dyed fox. The exquisite draping of the corsage and skirt heighten the delicately balanced beauty of the colour combination

Perfect in its simplicity, the dress on the right has been made for Lady Alice in white cellophane velvet. The full hem runs up to a point at the front and two points at the back, and the trousseau model is not embroidered. With all the other dresses on this page, it was designed by Norman Hartnell, who also made the wedding gown and the bridesmaids' dresses

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

The daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch, whose union with the King's third son has caused great satisfaction throughout the Empire, and to whom "The Sphere" begs to add its heartfelt good wishes

A SCOTTISH HOME OF THE DUKES OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY: Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, an imposing red sandstone building in the form of a hollow square, its outer walls surmounted at the angles with capped and spired turrets. It was built during the last quarter of the seventeenth century and, although it took ten years to complete and cost an immense sum, its owner, the first Duke of Queensberry, is said to have spent but a single night beneath its roof

THE DRAWING ROOM AT DRUMLANRIG: A tastefully furnished and spacious apartment with tapestried walls

DRUMLANRIG is to-day one of the most beautiful and well-cared-for estates in Scotland, but in the time of the fourth Duke of Queensberry, who was known as old "Q," the wanton destruction of its magnificent woods aroused the ire of Burns and Wordsworth. It was in 1810 when Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, succeeded to the Queensberry title, that the property began to be adequately cared for. In the past century and a quarter trees, planted on the most extensive scale, have repaired the earlier ravages; the gardens have been laid out with exquisite taste; and the vast policy, intersected by the River Nith, is a site that would inspire any poet. The ruins of Tibber's Castle, which was dismantled in 1311 by Robert Bruce, stand in the grounds about one mile from the ducal mansion

BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE MOUNTAIN: Picturesquely situated Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, Scotland, the home of the Earl of Dalkeith, who, on the death of his father last month, succeeded to the Dukedom of Buccleuch

HISTORIC SEATS OF THE BUCCLEUCHS

Drumlanrig Castle, Boughton House, and Eildon Hall

THE GREAT HALL AT BOUGHTON HOUSE: The Duke of Buccleuch's Northamptonshire home where it was arranged that the Duke of Gloucester and his bride should spend a part of their honeymoon. A curious feature of this house is that it has 365 windows representing the days of the year, fifty-two chimneys for the weeks, and seven entrances, one for each day of the week

Extra *Nourishing* because of the specially selected Wheat and the fresh Butter

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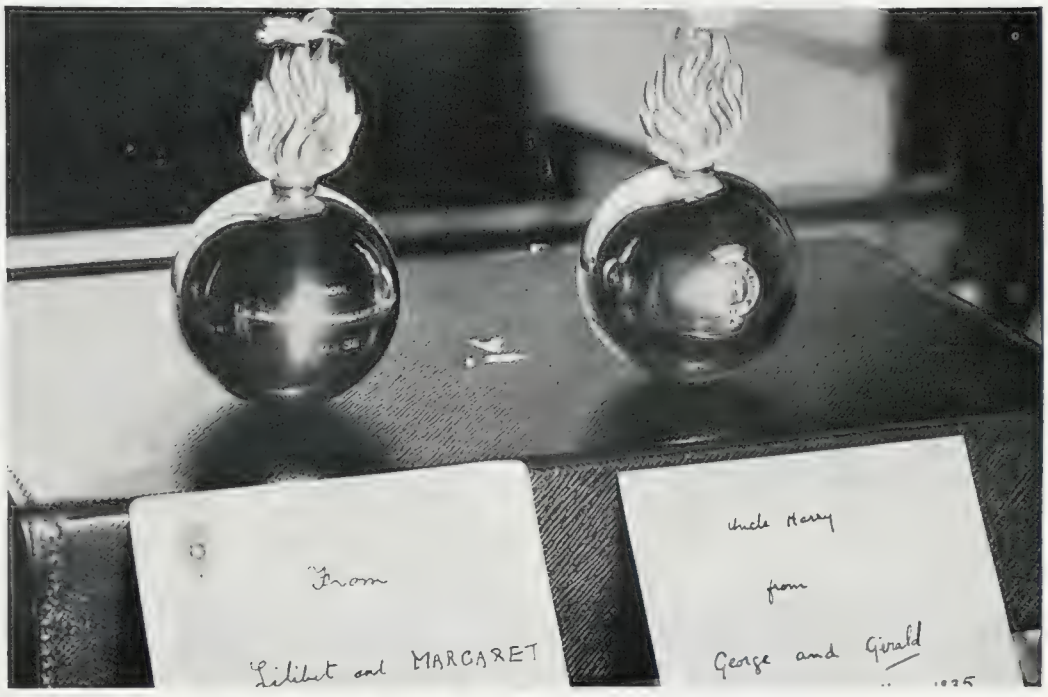
McVitie's *Digestive* BISCUITS

THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS

GIFTS FROM THE KING AND QUEEN: Some of the magnificent jewellery including a pearl and emerald necklace and a diamond and emerald bracelet, presented to the bride by their Majesties and now being displayed at St. James's Palace. *Below*—The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch's presents to her daughter

PRESENTATION SILVER IN THE THRONE ROOM AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: At the time of the Duke of Kent's wedding this apartment was not employed for the display of presents, but it has been decided to use it now in order to prevent overcrowding and give visitors an opportunity of making their inspection in comfort. The King and Queen went to view the gifts last Sunday, and privileged guests were invited to the Palace on Wednesday of this week, but the general public will not be admitted until November 12



FROM THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S NEPHEWS AND NIECES: The pair of silver grenade cigarette lighters given by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, Viscount Lascelles, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. The two cards accompanying them bear the names, "Lilibet," "Margaret," "George," and "Gerald"

FOR THEIR NEW HOME: Household gifts which will help the bride and bridegroom in furnishing the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, where they will take up residence when His Royal Highness joins the Staff College at Camberley.

Left—Lampshades and other presents laid out in Queen Anne's Room. *Right*—Two boys of Dr. Barnardo's Homes putting the finishing touches to a mahogany and sycamore coffee table which they have helped to make for the Duke and Duchess

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM RESPOND TO THE OVATION: The King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret Rose pictured as they appeared on the Palace balcony following the wedding ceremony in their Majesties' private chapel. The vast crowd of well-wishers, which earlier in the morning had been held in check by the police, thronged the entire approach and cheered for minutes on end without pause

THE OFFICIAL GROUP: The King and Queen posing for a picture with the Duke of Gloucester, the bride, and her attendants. The bridesmaids on the left are Miss Claire Phipps, Lady Elizabeth Scott, Lady Mary Cambridge, and Princess Elizabeth, while those on the right are Lady Angela Scott, Miss Moyra Scott, Princess Margaret Rose, and Miss Anne Hawkins

THERE WAS CHEERING ALL THE WAY: Scenes at the start of the honeymoon journey when the Duke and Duchess, escorted by Household Cavalry, drove to St. Pancras en route to Boughton House. *Above*—Showering the happy couple with rose petals as they left Buckingham Palace. *Right*—The coach passing along Aldwych outside the offices of "The Sphere"

AS SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS SAW HER: The famous artist's portrait of Maria Countess Waldegrave, whose marriage to the Duke of Gloucester created such a stir in Court circles

A ROYAL MARRIAGE in a Pall Mall Drawing-Room

The Secret Union of the Favourite Brother of George III, the Duke of Gloucester, to Maria Countess Waldegrave

By FRANK HIRD

IN the summer of 1772 the marriage of a Duke of Gloucester was the absorbing topic of conversation, gossip, and speculation, not only at routs, balls, and parties, and wherever the great world gathered, but in every London drawing-room and every London coffee-house. The Duke was the third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the favourite brother of George III, who created him Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh. His marriage was the "talk of the town."

On May 19 he had confessed to his brother, the King, that six years previously he had been secretly married to Maria Countess Waldegrave, widow of the second Earl Waldegrave, and illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Orford, son of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous statesman, and brother of Horace Walpole, the prince of letter-writers. But beyond his own word and that of his wife the Duke had no proof of his marriage.

The ceremony had taken place in September, 1766, in Lady Waldegrave's house in Pall Mall with no one present save Dr. Norton, her chaplain, who married them. And when the Duke confessed his marriage to the King, Dr. Norton was dead.

As a man, the King was cut to the heart by this six years' deception of the one brother to whom he was devoted; as King his wrath flamed high because of the defiance of his authority as sovereign and head of the Royal Family. Furthermore, Lady Waldegrave's bar sinister added to the royal anger.

Her father, Lord Orford, never married but had three daughters by Dorothy Clements, a milliner's apprentice of Durham. The girls were brought up as if they had been Lord Orford's legitimate daughters. All three were beautiful, but Maria, the eldest, had the largest share of beauty to which was added wit, and a charming manner. As a little girl she announced her determination "to be a lady," and when her father, to tease her, said that was impossible as she was "a beggar-born," she retorted, "then, I will be a lady-beggar."

"THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE": The three beautiful daughters of Maria Countess Waldegrave, by her first marriage, which lasted only five years. Another Reynolds portrait

Horace Walpole had a great affection for his "left-hand" nieces, especially for Maria, and it was he who brought about her marriage to the second Earl Waldegrave, George II's most intimate friend and advisor, and a great grandson of James II through Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough. One sister was already married to the Hon. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

Lord Waldegrave was forty-five, twice as old as Maria, "of no agreeable figure, but for character and credit the first match in England," says Walpole. The proud uncle also declared that Maria was "allowed the handsomest woman in England. Beauty itself. Face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person, all are perfect. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty." The marriage was solemnised by her brother-in-law, Frederick Keppel, "just before dinner," at Lord Orford's house in Pall Mall. Five years later (1763) Lady Waldegrave became a widow, having presented her lord with three daughters but no heir. The beauty of these daughters was perpetuated by Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his most delightful pictures, "The Ladies Waldegrave."

When the Duke of Gloucester first met Lady Waldegrave he was twenty-three, she was thirty: she in the height of her beauty and fascination; he ardent and impetuous. They fell in love, and despite all the risks attending a secret marriage with the King's brother, a genuine passion swept away scruples and prudence and she agreed to the ceremony in her drawing-room in Pall Mall.

Although the secret was kept for six years, the Duke's constant presence in Lady Waldegrave's house, his particular attention to her in public, set tongues a-wagging. Was the lovely widow the Duke's wife or his mistress? Opinion was sharply divided. The gossip of the town reached the Court where it was believed that Lady Waldegrave was the Duke's mistress. But Horace Walpole must have had some knowledge of the intended marriage, and opposed it. This is shewn by his comment to a friend on a letter he received from his brother, dated, "Pall Mall, Tuesday Even. May 19, 1772" the day of the Duke's confession to the King—in which Lord Orford said, "I have at this moment received an express from Lady Waldegrave with the Duke's permission to acquaint me with the marriage which was in 1766."

"I was a great deal embarrassed at the receipt of this letter," Horace Walpole wrote; "I had opposed the match till I had found out it was to no purpose, and had continued steadfastly to avoid having any hand in it. I was determined still not to avail myself of an alliance that I had condemned, nor to pay court to my niece when she had carried her point, since I had declined to do so whilst her situation was uncertain. On the other hand, as I concluded that the Duke of Gloucester would be forbidden the Court like the Duke of Cumberland, I had no sort of inclination to engage in a quarrel with the King and Queen in support of a cause that I had disapproved, especially as taking part for my niece would seem to contradict all my declarations.

"I did not desire to be abandoned by all the world like the Luttrells, and reduced to live almost in solitude with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who would not love me for what was passed."

In saying that he "did not desire to be abandoned by all the world like the Luttrells," and that the Duke of Gloucester would be forbidden the Court like the Duke of Cumberland, his younger brother, Walpole was referring to the secret marriage in the previous year of the Duke of Cumberland to Mrs. Horton, born Anne Luttrell, daughter of Lord Irnham, and widow of a Derbyshire squire, Andrew Horton of Catton. The Cumberland wedding had also taken place in the bride's house, but either the lady or the royal bridegroom had taken care to provide a number of witnesses. In their case there was no possible question as to the solemnisation of the marriage or of its validity.

The King disliked his brother Cumberland, and with every reason. He was George III's antithesis—loose-living and dissipated. Although there was no disputing the legality of the Duke's marriage to the Widow Horton, as the lady was dubbed, the King refused to recognise it. The Duke's horses were turned out of the royal mews, and he himself was forbidden the Court. Further, it was intimated that any person visiting the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland would not be received by the King.

The Duke of Gloucester's marriage poured oil on a smouldering fire. The secret marriage of the disreputable Duke of Cumberland had been met with the only weapons George III had at his command—banishment from Court and social ostracism. The Duke of Gloucester's marriage, wholly apart from the outraged feelings of an ever-kind and devoted brother, gave the two marriages a dangerous possibility for the future. In George III's opinion and that of his Ministers, such marriages of princes of the blood royal, in succession to the throne, might easily place the dynasty itself in danger. If royal princes were to be allowed to marry without the sovereign's consent there was no knowing what type of bride might be brought into the Royal Family, brides who, seeing the changes that death works in dynasties might, with no exaggeration of supposition, one day be queens of England.

That was one point. But to George III and his Queen there was a much stronger consideration.

Down to Stuart times English royal princes had been free to marry subjects if they chose, the last being James II, who married Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. With George I, however, and the advent of the Guelph dynasty, there came the cast-iron law prevailing in Germanic and other continental countries, of "equal marriages." According to this law royal blood was sacrosanct, and therefore could mate only with royal blood. A royal prince might marry a non-royal person if he so desired but the marriage was styled "morganatic"; neither the wife nor the children could bear his name, nor had they any official existence.

This law did not exist in England until the announcement of the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester following upon that of the Duke of Cumberland. Then the Government, under strong pressure from the King, brought in the Royal Marriage Act, which, despite opposition, passed both Houses of Parliament. The Act ordained that no descendant of George II, unless of foreign birth, could marry under the age of twenty-five without the King's consent in Council. At and after that age they could marry after twelve months' notice to the Privy Council, the marriage to hold good unless both Houses of Parliament disapproved.

Such notice to the Privy Council has never been given, therefore the sovereign's consent in Council has been necessary for every marriage in the Royal Family during the last six reigns. The King's consent to the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester to Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott was given at a specially convened meeting of the Privy Council early last month. From the time of the passing of the Royal Marriage Act in 1772, the Sovereign's consent had never been given to an "unequal" marriage until Queen Victoria, 100 years later, set aside the Guelph law of equal marriage by consenting to the marriage of her daughter, Princess Louise, to the Marquess of Lorne, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Since the war the Guelph family law has been ignored, and Princes and Princesses of the House of Windsor in

(Continued on p. 234)

On right—A COMMONER WHO MARRIED INTO THE ROYAL FAMILY: Mrs. Anne Horton, daughter of Lord Irnham, whose union with the Duke of Cumberland, the youngest brother of King George III, resulted in her husband's banishment from Court

THE TRIUMVIRATE: Mr. Stanley Baldwin (*above*), Sir John Simon, the National Liberal leader (*on right*), and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the National Labour leader (*below on right*) as they appear in the films which are playing a large part in the Government's General Election propaganda. The Premier gives the most impressive performance of the three

The Machinery of Government Propaganda

Hectic Times at Palace Chambers, Where the Election Campaign is Now in Full Swing

By CHARLES GRAVES

THESE are busy days at Palace Chambers, the headquarters of the National Government in Bridge Street opposite the House of Commons. The daily number of visitors is swelling rapidly from 300 to 500 a day. They walk along a bare corridor and are then taken up in a lift, where they are sorted and sifted by Mr. Barber. Mr. Barber is such an adept at this psychological job which he has held for thirty-seven years that he received the M.B.E. for it. He is sixty-nine, with bright blue eyes and massive eyebrows. He wears iron spectacles and a black frock-coat.

"We have all kinds of people coming in," he said. "Some want to be Prime Minister. Some want just to be Cabinet Ministers. There are people of the working classes. There are chairmen of constituencies. There are political agents." He pointed to the reception room with its green walls, its portrait of the King in uniform, its sofas, chairs, and tables covered with propaganda. "Out of the twelve people there," he said, "three have come to do paid work; five are offering their services free to the National Government; and four have motor cars to lend us."

As he spoke, Lord and Lady Titchfield came in asking for National Government literature; Mrs. Copeland, M.P., arrived to secure the latest information on "fighting points." She was followed by an old man with hair down the back of his neck. Mr. Barber recognised him at once. Mr. Barber has a black list of ninety nuisances and cranks who turn up as regularly as clockwork at General Elections. Some of them date back over twenty years. This old boy had come once again to see Mr. Baldwin before going into Parliament. "Hullo sir," said Mr. Barber amiably. "How are you getting on?" "The Government is a lot of robbers," said the old man. "Oh yes, we know all about that," said Mr. Barber. "Oh, do you? I didn't realise it. Look here: the Conservatives are going down like dogs. They won't stick to the truth, that's the trouble with them." "Oh, they are beginning to learn," said Mr. Barber, adding "But if you want to see Mr. Baldwin go across to the House of Commons and I am sure he will buy you a drink." The old man seemed a trifle dubious at this suggestion but nevertheless departed. A soft answer . . .

"There you are," said Mr. Barber. "We have all kinds, don't we? Once a fellow came in with a revolver and told me he was going to shoot me if I did not let him see the Prime Minister at once. Well, of course, we have got one or two plain clothes men here, and they took him out quick. Most of the cranks are harmless, so I just let them cool their heels in the reception room. After three or four hours or so they usually go. One thing I have to be careful about is the other crowd. They might want to get in and see all our files of anti-propaganda. I have to be very careful about that. As you see, I have twelve button boys sculling about, and if anyone looks suspicious, well, out he goes quick. But with four or five hundred people calling every day it is hard to keep the wheel revolving. If I was not helped by Miss Evans, Lady Falmouth, and Miss Gretton, who are all under me—funny, isn't it?—there would be a queue all the way from here to Parliament Square."

Having got past Mr. Barber, the dragon at the door, the visitor may perhaps like to see the library. This, like the Speaker's department, and the Registry department, and the Press department, is supplied with numbers of extra assistants when a General Election like this is in progress. The staffs of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, and the Junior Imperial League, and the Women's Advisory Committees are all thrown into the breach. The whole of Palace Chambers, in fact, has to be reorganised. The Speaker's department has the devil of a time.

LIBERAL LUCIDITY

At the moment there are a dozen principals with two dozen typists and a dozen telephones preparing answers to knotty questions. The Registry department deals with statistical queries such as the number of candidates under the age of thirty-two, and the probable seats where Fascists may get to work.

The library, under Mr. Percy Cohen, is busy on the election notes for Conservative speakers and workers, a volume of about 164,000 words showing what the National Government has done, and giving numbers of questions and answers. Mr. Ford, the assistant librarian, does a fourteen-hour day dealing with hibernating M.Ps. who want to know what has been happening for the past four years; strange old men distributing pamphlets on how to guess people's ages; and pestilential women speakers wanting to know the answer to difficult questions from the mining areas. The day I saw him he had spent a quarter of an hour on a Member of Parliament who has taken over a constituency in Cumberland and wanted to know all about chalk pits, and whether granite pits are de-rated. The next thing that happened to him was that the secretary of, let us call him Sir Blood and Thunder, rang up to say Sir Blood was about to deliver a speech to a Grocers' Convention and wished to know all about the retail trade in this particular. He was then asked to report on British lead mines and whether they were to re-open. His other duties included reading political books for securing anti-propaganda; taking the proofs on the chapters about agriculture in the election notes to Mr. Walter Elliott for his approval; and answering a stream of questions on the Italian-Abyssinian situation, unemployment, the Government's social policy, and different variants on these themes. Some answers may need a twenty-four page roneo memorandum. All told, 200 tons of political literature will have been prepared, printed, and distributed in the course of a month.

TABLE TOPICS

Another of the problems confronting the National Government headquarters is the question of Cabinet Ministers' campaigns. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain are most in demand, but each Cabinet Minister needs to tour the country, and his dates may not coincide with those available in the constituency. On an average it takes at least twenty-five letters before any Cabinet Minister makes a speech in the country. Imagine the pile of correspondence. At Palace Chambers they have to be guide, philosopher, and friend of all the candidates and their agents. They have to wet-nurse nearly all of them. That means 598, of whom 60 are either National Labour or Liberal National.

This year political propaganda is becoming more and more Americanised. Vans with loud-speakers and others with propaganda talkie films are being used all over the country. I have seen some of the latter at a private view. Mostly they are excellent and provide a perfectly good entertainment in themselves—as indeed they should—apart from their political significance. There are seven of these films and they are being shown all over the country by a fleet of thirteen vans, each of which gives a complete programme six times a day. The best film, without question, is called *Signs of the Times*—a film which links up the returning prosperity of the country with the record holiday crowds of the summer. To the accompaniment of a cheerful tune we are shown how the happy holiday-makers with money in their pockets to spend not only reflect the better times but are helping to further the progress already made. The greater number of travellers by road and rail help the motor industries, the railways, the coal industry, the cycle manufacturers, as well as the iron and steel industries. New clothes mean more work for the factories and shops. We see pretty girls in bathing dresses, and seaside visitors on swings and roundabouts. A reporter on a Labour newspaper discussing it with me afterwards had to admit that it was a brilliant job of work—though of course he said it was unscrupulous. He would.

The other films range from speeches by the Prime Minister, Sir John Simon (not at all convincing), and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to a ventriloquial sketch by Arthur Prince and a recitation by Stanley Holloway. The latter revives his famous character Sam Small, who makes his way to the House of Commons, where he is at once recognised by the Speaker, as is proved by his ejaculation "Dash my buttons if it ain't Sam Small." Sam Small is allowed to make a speech, and does so with evident Lancashire common sense, with a great ovation at the end if we are to believe the story.

It is certainly a sign of the times when the Conservative Party employs musical acts for political propaganda. And yet the late Will Rogers was one of the most valuable assets of his particular party in the United States. Personally I think it a very encouraging fact that Palace Chambers has begun to realise that humour and politics can be very valuable allies as long as they are coupled with hard work. In that respect no one can find fault with Palace Chambers. The doors open at nine a.m. and remain open until three or four in the morning. And that goes for Saturdays and Sundays too.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES": Reproductions from a Government propaganda film which links up the returning prosperity of the country with the record holiday crowds of last summer

Happenings at Home

Pictures from London and the Provinces

A ROYAL WEDDING GIFT: Mr. Kenneth McInnes and Mrs. Kate Morrison, two crofters from Harris, in the Outer Hebrides, arriving at Buckingham Palace to present the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice with rolls of Harris tweed. They spoke for several minutes with the bride-to-be

ROY FOX ENGAGES JUVENILE TALENT: Mary Lee, of Glasgow, and Bobbie Joy, of Sheffield, who, in a nation-wide contest, have been selected out of over 2,000 candidates, to assist the well-known band leader in his stage and radio engagements

ANOTHER BIG HANDICAP SURPRISE: Commander III (with the apprentice, T. Hawcroft, in the saddle) being led in after winning the Cambridgeshire at odds of 28-1 from the 100-1 outsider, Man's Pal. Walking on the right is Basil Briscoe, the trainer and part owner of the horse

A LITERARY OCCASION: Authors, publishers, and booksellers toasting, in tankards of old ale, the memory of Shakespeare's first publishers—John Hemminge and Henry Condell—at the monument erected to them at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, London. At the same time Mr. F. V. Morley laid the latest edition of the bard's works on the pedestal

A CARGO VESSEL ABLAZE AT LIVERPOOL: Two dramatic pictures taken in the Stalbridge Dock after the 3,038-ton Spanish steamer, *Zabalbide*, carrying a load of esparto grass, had caught fire on entering the port. As she was endangering the safety of other shipping, and as efforts to fight the flames proved quite unavailing, a successful attempt was made to sink the vessel, men with oxyacetylene apparatus cutting two holes in her, fore and aft, a few inches above the waterline. The Liverpool Fire Brigade then pumped thousands of gallons of water into the holds, and (*see right-hand view*) she was eventually partly submerged

A HIGHWAY THROUGH A PALACE: A drawing by Cecil King, R.I., R.O.I., showing how, at the time of the Civil War, the Deptford-Woolwich Road passed beneath an arch of the Queen's House—the royal residence at Greenwich which is now being converted into the National Maritime Museum. It was begun by Inigo Jones in 1617 for Anne of Denmark, consort of James I, and completed in 1635 for Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I. During the plague the Navy Office, with Pepys as secretary, was installed there

THE muddy place on which Raleigh threw his cloak, as a bridge for Queen Elizabeth, has been identified by tradition as the Deptford-Woolwich road, which once divided the Royal Park from the gardens of the Royal Palace of Greenwich.

It was in this palace of pleasaunce, or placentia, that Queen Elizabeth was born, and here also that she knighted Sir Francis Drake, on his return in the *Golden Hind* from the voyage of circumnavigation.

Her successor conceived the agreeable idea of throwing across the muddy road a permanent bridge, which should also be a residence for his Queen, Anne of Denmark. The architect selected by King James was Inigo Jones and the work was begun in 1617, being interrupted two years later by the death of the Queen. At this date the lower storey alone was completed and appeared like two separate houses, one—with vaults beneath it—on the north, or palace side of the road, the other on the side nearest the park. The road ran between them and an engraving, made about twenty years later by Wenceslas Hollar, shows that it was bounded by high walls on either side. This may be called phase one.

Charles I succeeded in 1625 and at once ordered the work to proceed, having married Henrietta Maria of France in the same year. The upper storey on either side of the road was completed and the two parts connected by a bridge, thus giving to the first floor the form of an H. In 1635, the year following its completion, the house was first occupied by the Queen, as a tablet upon it records, and so continued until the Civil War. This, the second phase, is represented in the above drawing.

During the Commonwealth Bulstrode Whitelocke took up residence in the Queen's house and, a little later, the bodies first of Richard Deane and then of Robert Blake lay there in state in the great hall on the north side of the building.

The Queen Dowager occupied the house once more after the return of Charles II and, the existing accommodation proving insufficient, John Webb, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, was instructed

"WHERE GREENWICH SMILES UPON THE SILVER FLOOD": In the centre of this picture and on the far bank of the river are the Royal Hospital buildings, and immediately behind them is the Queen's House, one frontage of which looks out on to the richly wooded acres of Greenwich Park, laid out for Charles II by André Le Nôtre, landscape gardener to the Court of Louis XIV

THE QUEEN'S HOUSE AS IT WAS

A picture taken some years ago when a "fair" was in progress in front of "The Queen's House," seen to the left; the large building on the right will also form part of the new Maritime Museum

in 1662 to increase it. This he did by building four brick piers in each of the two open spaces in the roadway and rested upon them two subsidiary bridges, but in such a way as to leave courts between them and the central bridge for the admission of light and air. The structure had now the external appearance of a rectangular house with a tunnel running through it, and this third phase is that which will probably be revealed when the present work of restoration is completed.

Phase four was introduced by the peace which followed the war between William III and Louis Quatorze. The Cromwellian troops and their Dutch prisoners had damaged and defiled the old palace on the riverside, and Charles II had partly demolished it, commencing the construction of a new King's House. But this remained unfinished, and Queen Mary II realised, during the war with France, the need for a sailors' hospital, similar in scope to that instituted by King Charles for the

THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

A New Institution Now Being Established in the Historic Queen's House at Greenwich

By CECIL KING

soldiers at Chelsea. At her death King William regarded the completion of the task as a proper tribute to her memory, and the King's House—to-day a part of the Royal Naval College—was finished with Wren's aid, and became the Royal Hospital for Seamen.

One of its first governors, who was also ranger of the Royal Park, gave his name to the Romney Road, which now connects Greenwich and Woolwich. This was the Earl of Romney, who, at the turn of the century, obtained authority to close the old road, deflecting it to the northward, and to alter the Queen's House by cutting away much of the brickwork of the central arch in order to make a central ground-floor room. He made other and minor changes and the house became his official residence.

The last important change began in the year of Trafalgar, when negotiations were instituted which resulted in the foundation of the Royal Hospital School. In due course blocks of buildings, containing classrooms and dormitories, sprang up to east and west of the Queen's House, with which they were—and still are—connected by colonnades, and by a coincidence follow the original course of the old Deptford–Woolwich road.

The Queen's House underwent further modifications, in order to fit it for the use of the officers who directed the school, and this work is now being swept away and the house restored to its Stuart appearance. The coffered and painted ceilings, the interlaced initials of Charles the First and his Queen and the impaled arms of England and France, which once looked down on Blake's coffin, are now being restored to their former brilliancy and the skilled craftsmen attached to H.M. Office of Works are daily revealing little scarce-suspected beauties which belong to the elegant century of Gibbons, Van Dyck, and Christopher Wren.

It is, however, as the *clou* of the National Maritime Museum that the Queen's House may be known in the years to come. For a considerable period France has been fortunate in the possession of her

Musée de Marine and Spain in that of the Museo Naval in Madrid; Holland owns important nautical collections in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, Sweden in Stockholm and Göteborg, Denmark in Kronborg and Copenhagen. Other nations also possess records of maritime art and archæology, each remarkable in its own way. The shoemaker's children are often the worse shod, and this country has never yet possessed a publicly-owned marine collection worthy of the element which made her great, and to which she still owes her very existence.

This reproach is now in a fair way to be removed and mainly through the goodwill and generosity of some of our fellow-citizens, but for whom the new museum—now established by Act of Parliament—might not even have reached that stage of its progress towards accomplishment. It is to the kindness of its first Director, Professor Geoffrey Callender, that we owe the historical data from which the above account of the Queen's House has been compiled; and those who are connected with, or know the work performed by, the Society for Nautical Research, of which he is also Honorary Secretary, know that without the energy expended by officers and prominent members of that body, such public duties as the restoration of H.M.S. *Victory*, and the formation of this museum might never have come to fruition.

Since the boys of the Royal Hospital School went to their new quarters at Holbrook, near Harwich, the old school buildings at Greenwich have been vacant. The Act of Parliament, previously mentioned, was approved last summer and it is hoped that the new museum, to which these buildings will give shelter, will be open in about a year's time. Meanwhile, the familiar masts of the training-ship *Fame* have disappeared from the asphalt parade-ground in front of the Queen's House, and the ground itself will eventually become a garden, containing the new museum and linked with Greenwich Park.

ANNE OF DENMARK: The consort of James I for whom the Queen's House was built. Anne was a woman of somewhat extravagant tastes, delighting in pomp and pageantry, and was a munificent patroness of the arts. She died in heavy debt

THE APPROACH TO THE NEW MUSEUM: Buildings flanking the Queen's House viewed from the main London Road

One does not preach to the converted, and, although there may have been recent signs of apathy or ignorance with regard to the great Dutch school of marine art of the seventeenth, or the British school of the eighteenth centuries, there is probably still a very large proportion of the public, which is just as understanding as ever—even to the extent of hanging such works with due respect in an exhibition of Old Masters. But the first function of a nautical museum is to instruct. Accuracy in the nautical adjuncts to plays, pictures, and films of an historical character is often conspicuous by its absence. It is safe to say that the student, who wishes *seriously* to engage in this difficult branch of research, will find abundant material, for pursuing it on sound lines in the National Maritime Museum. Those, too, who have been privileged to examine some of this material believe that critics and connoisseurs—for they still exist, despite the period of confusion, through which we have passed in the last fifteen years—will experience some surprise when the portraits and other works of art are finally open to public inspection. Fresh evidence will be available to archæologists concerning Queen Elizabeth, Drake, and others who have exercised important influences on our sea-history, and those to whom the picture of Samuel Pepys is known only through the Diary, may now form their own opinion of his appearance, as interpreted by the hand of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

By far the greater part of this collection will be housed in the Western Block of the old school buildings.

THE NEW STOREHOUSE OF NAVAL TREASURES: The Queen's House in course of renovation by employees of His Majesty's Office of Works, who are not only fitting it out as a museum, but restoring it to its Stuart appearance. Among the many exhibits to be on view are the Macpherson Collection of over eleven thousand marine and naval prints, engravings, and paintings, and the ship's models, etc., from the training vessel *Mercury*. These were all acquired by Sir James Caird, an indefatigable worker on behalf of the Museum

A NOTABLE NEW BRITISH PICTURE: An episode from *Moscow Nights* the Denham Production—directed by Anthony Asquith and starring Penelope Dudley Ward—which was presented on Wednesday of this week at the Leicester Square Theatre by General Film Distributors Ltd

STAGE AND SCREEN:

Reviewed By PHILIP PAGE

AN atmosphere of aggressive domesticity on the stage is apt to bewilder, and then to bore, those in whom domesticity is not a strong suit. Bedroom scenes of impeccable purity may evoke longings for a bedroom slightly more peccable except in members of such families as Mr. Bernard Shaw once described as "stewing in love."

The Hilton family, who are the heroes and heroines of Miss Dodie Smith's new play at the Globe Theatre, *Call It a Day*, did not exactly stew; they squabbled, as most families will. Indeed, I cannot imagine a more fruitful spot for squabbling than the parental bedroom at 8 a.m., with the brood flopping in and out of it, Mrs. Hilton woman-handling the morning paper, the Misses Hilton wrangling over the second bathroom, Mr. Hilton singing in his own bathroom, and arguing about it, and emerging wiping his ears, and Master Hilton, aged nineteen or thereabouts, sprawling over his mother's bed, and shouting from the bedroom window in tones that would jar horribly at any hour of the twenty-four, but before breakfast and before dressing surely called for chloroform. The greater part of that act convinced me that Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, whose tempers were angelic, must have had an early and scrupulously non-alcoholic bed-time, and that all the talk about the horrors of a lonely bachelor's life must be stuff and nonsense.

Then Miss Dodie Smith's magic began to overwhelm me. These Hiltons were not irritating after all. They were human people in whom one was interested—photographically human, but there is much virtue in a first-rate photograph. Miss Smith's magic envisages small things, small talk, ordinary people, and keeps banality at a distance. Here is an almost entirely negative play, negative in the sense that such not-very-important events which might happen do not in fact happen at all, but of its *genre*, perfect. The bedroom scene is followed by a kitchen scene unforced in its quiet humour, supplied by a pessimistic charwoman and a eupeptic cook, and that in turn by a breakfast scene. All that seemed to happen at breakfast was that the elder Miss Hilton, who was late, wanted a fresh pot of tea, and the younger Miss Hilton was in a greater hurry to get off to school than any child I have ever met. But in that trivial scene I enjoyed every moment, just as I enjoyed—and tens of thousands of others will enjoy—every moment of this trivial play. If trivial can ever be used in a laudatory sense, this is the occasion.

The elder girl is mighty good to look at and has arrived at what is known, I believe, as the difficult age. She found the good-looking married artist, who was painting her portrait for nothing except, perhaps, with a view to an intrigue, a little too difficult; for he did not meet her in Regent's Park that night and telephoned that he was going abroad the next day. She sobbed her heart out in her moonlit bedroom, comforted by an Alice Meynell poem, a real Rossetti, and a still more real little sister. Her father, a chartered accountant, found himself amid uncharted rocks in his interview with an actress in a muddle with her income-tax. He went to her flat at her invitation; but we may leave it at that, and so apparently did he. For he was a thoroughly decent chartered accountant and, in the last and most amusing scene of all, talked the episode over with his wife, who *might* that afternoon have yielded to an amorous and desolate he-man from the colonies, but, of course, did not. For, as I have said, this is a negative play—and the sharpest and best negative on record. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton crept into their twin beds nice and early, said "Good-night," switched out their respective lights and prepared themselves with a nice long sleep for a return to the bathroom arguments at 8 a.m. the next morning.

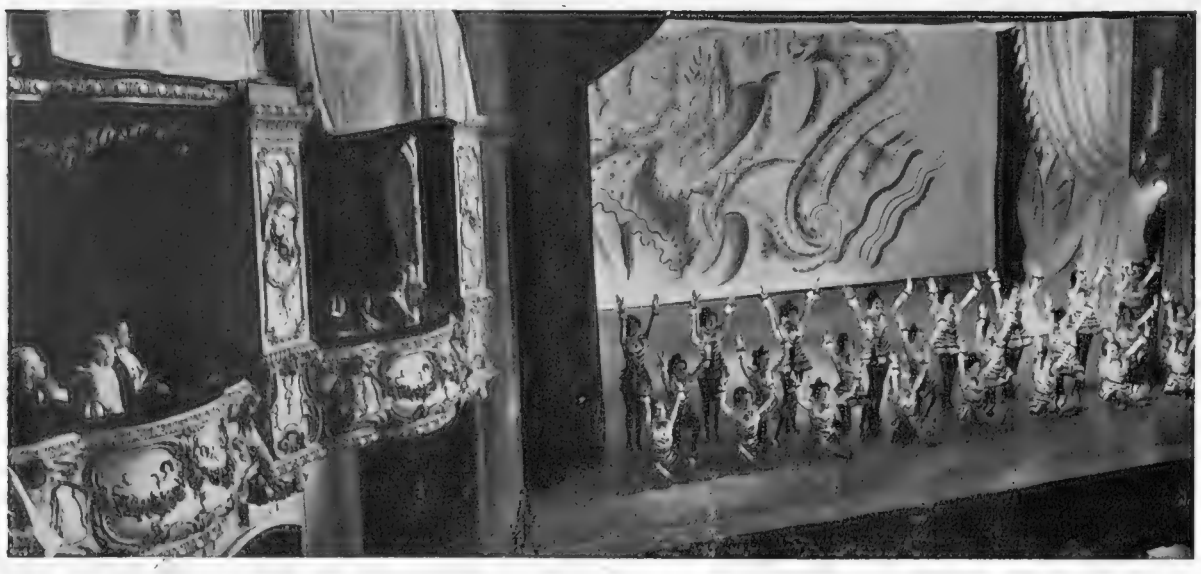
By Mr. Basil Dean the play has been immaculately produced, and it is almost immaculately acted. In the unspotted class I would place *Père* Owen Nares and Miss Fay Compton, the "onlie begetters" of interesting offspring. Excellent work, too, from Miss Alexis France, as the younger Hilton girl (a brilliant little person this), Mr. Austin Trevor (who does not seem to know how to fail), as the artist, Miss Phyllis Morris, as the charwoman for whom the bright side of things does not exist, and Miss Marie Löhr, most amusing in her one scene. Miss Muriel George, whom I remember as a short-skirted "Folly" *(eheu fugaces!)* made a plump and most cook-like cook.

No fewer than seventeen lines of the programme at the Globe Theatre are occupied

HARRY BAUR AND JOAN impression of the two *Cossack*, which is now duced from the film

THE COURT MARTIAL IN "MOSCOW NIGHTS": Ignatoff, a young Russian army officer (Laurence Olivier, *left*) standing his trial on a charge of espionage

SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR: Another "still" from *Moscow Nights*



On left—A LONDON THEATRE AS A FILM STUDIO: A scene in the Lyceum when it was being used a few days ago for the "shooting" of one of the principal episodes in Anna Neagle's new film, *Street Singer*

Dodie Smith's Latest Play : The Garrick Switches from Grim Realism to the Frivolities of a Revue : Leslie Henson at the Gaiety

with the names of business firms who have provided sundry articles necessary to the play. Often have I pondered on this procedure, which is, of course, common to most theatres. I can understand mention of the scenic designers and painters, and, in a lesser degree, of the firms who have fashioned Miss Compton's and Miss Löhr's frocks and shoes. I will even pass the statement that the play has been "furnitured" by no fewer than three eminent firms, detestable though that verb is.

GARDNER: An artist's stars of *The Life of a* in production. Reprojournal, *To-day's Cinema*

After that we get into puzzling territory. While the furs have been only "supplied," a patent cooker has been "kindly supplied." Is it more kind to lend cookers than furs? Again, a gas stove has been "supplied," though in the case of a mechanical sweeper and the office equipment kindliness has again crept in. Pictures and books—presumably because they belong to the art world—are not "supplied" at all. They are "loaned," sometimes "kindly," but not always. The former are by Messrs. Hunt, Hodgkins, Grant, Bell, Englebach, and Steggles—which suggests a firm of solicitors, who will not, I trust, consider I am holding them up to ridicule.

Last of all, and in stark dignity, come the cigarettes. These are neither loaned nor supplied, kindly or unkindly. They are just "By Abdulla." Since at one important point Mr. Owen Nares smoked a pipe, I am agog to know who, and in what mood, loaned, or gave, or supplied the tobacco. Probably Mr. Nares bought it himself.

But in all seriousness, are not these commercial catalogues which sprawl over every theatre programme nowadays rather "cheap"? A play has probably cost a large sum of money to produce and is acted by a highly-paid cast in a highly-rented theatre. Why not spend an infinitesimal sum in addition, buy the cigarettes and the books and things outright, and say no more about it?

"Don't Spare the Horses."—The Garrick Theatre has undergone a violent change of programme, switching from the grim realism of that fine play, *Love on the Dole*, to the frivolities of a revue entitled *Don't Spare the Horses*. If the latter does not pivot quite so light-heartedly at times as it should, it is on the whole an entertainment that justifies itself and a

visit. That the price of the seats is only about half the current West End rate is one of its several virtues.

I can imagine no sharper contrast than that between Mr. Rex Evans, bland, sophisticated, plump, soft-tongued, and Mayfair-ist, and Mr. Jim Gerald, a comedian of great repute in his native Australia where men are men and sheep are sheep and things are "Good-oh" and "Too right." The mixture works well.

THE ROYAL COMMAND VARIETY PERFORMANCE: The King and Queen, the Duchess of York, and the Earl of Munster at last week's show at the Palladium. The feature of the evening's entertainment was the appearance of thirty-six stars of fifty years ago, headed by ninety-five-year-old Frank Bertram, who once performed before Queen Victoria at Osborne

Mr. Evans, who always amuses me, is in good form throughout. Mr. Gerald is enormously versatile and energetic and most of his impersonations are really funny.

Miss Jane Ayr and Miss Doris Rogers are good as operatic charwomen and there is an excellent pair of dancers in Latsaha and Laurence. A leading lady of outstanding glamour and personality is needed.

"Seeing Stars."—Provided Mr. Leslie Henson is in a musical comedy I do not worry about its other qualities, if any. *Seeing Stars*, at the Gaiety, does not have to rely solely on Mr. Henson. It is an uneven show, but in the right way; that is to say, it ascends from mediocrity to excellence. That only fairly good first act needs cutting; but the second act is fun all the time and furious fun when Mr. Henson: a fat king (an adipose *rex*, in fact), brilliantly played by Mr. Fred Emney, who at last has an opportunity to show what a fine comedian he is; and Mr. Richard Hearn, the eccentric dancer, as a drunken colonel, try to get into bed together.

I was told during an interval by someone closely concerned with the show that it once had a plot. What is left of that plot is scrappy and mysterious, involving a Ruritanian king and queen, their daughter, who has a pronounced American accent, and the theft of the crown jewels. Fortunately it also involves Mr. Henson's impersonation of a fortune-teller (in a scene which seemed to be an echo of Mr. George Graves's *Koppo of Bond Street*) and Miss Florence Desmond's impersonations of Miss Dorothy Dickson and a whole galaxy of film stars.

Miss Desmond is also uncommonly good as herself, and sings a pseudo-medieval song with immense effect. Never did I think I should live to hear a Gaiety lyric about a *ceinture de chasteté*, but I hope to survive it. Mr. Roy Royston (almost a tenor) makes an excellent hero, and that dainty dancer, Miss Louise Browne, spins round and round and round and round to some very pretty music by Maestro Martin Broones.

FROM THE STALLS: An instantaneous camera impression of the chorus in the Hippodrome show *Please Teacher*

"Julius Cæsar."—The Old Vic production of *Julius Cæsar* is a fine example of sound and sensible dealing with Shakespeare. It has been realised—and I imagine, impressed upon every member of the cast—that as a poet Shakespeare knew what he was about, and as a dramatist expected his lines to be heard in every part of the theatre. That any such observation should seem otherwise than absurdly out of place is sufficient comment on the recent tendency to concentrate so closely on the alleged subtlety of Shakespeare that his plays become only semi-audible.

Mr. Ion Swinley's Antony was more than a mere elocutionary masterpiece, and I have never seen the Roman crowd handled so well as this since Granville Barker produced a certain memorable performance at His Majesty's.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Berta Ruck Describes How She Brought a Hundred Heroines Through Their Vicissitudes

ASPIRING novelists—and their number is legion—will find much to interest and, I hope, to encourage them in the lively story of her own life and work which Miss Berta Ruck has written in **A STORY-TELLER TELLS THE TRUTH** (Hutchinson. 18s.).

Phenomenally successful in her own sphere of fiction, Berta Ruck represents a triumphant survival of that persistently romantic school of lady novelists who graced the pre-war period with their social studies of love triumphing over all. Her first novel was published in 1914, but in a changing post-war period Miss Ruck has stayed close to her convention, and proved that though the literary field may yield to more coldly intellectual, more analytical and realistic forms, library subscribers and buyers of books, with an appetite for the bright romantic, may still be counted in tens of thousands.

Consciously, and in a style that has brought a hundred heroines through their vicissitudes, Miss Ruck provides a cardinal reason for her success. Married to a novelist, living in a world of books and booky people, she confesses to an unshaken romanticism. Her own life story bubbles with an enthusiastic belief that the happy ending can and must be the issue out of every affliction.

Never a carping word, nor even a criticism by inflexion, escapes her concerning the famous men and women whose names adorn her story, whose characteristics she notes (although not always accurately, as when, for instance, she refers to Edgar Wallace's "large, red face") and about whom she retails pleasant anecdotes. Her life bubbles with an enthusiastic acceptance of everything which can march with an immense vitality. She "adores" flying and flying men, and hardly a sky, canopied in her memories, has remained unswooped by an intrepid aviator.

With complete frankness she also takes us behind the scenes of her craft, and, hard upon the heels of specimens of "fan mail" she shows us how it is done, adding, for aspiring writers, references to the text-books on the subject by the late Arnold Bennett and others. It is a book which no Berta Ruck fan should be without.

Miss Cecily Hamilton is a writer with many serious sociological, as well as historical and fictional, works to her credit. A pioneer in the suffrage movement, she has devoted a long and honourable career to what, for want of a better word, I must call the feminist cause.

To her, and other devoted persons like her, is the achievement that much of her early creed has now become outworn. But her autobiography, **LIFE ERRANT** (Dent. 10s. 6d.), reveals in its credo-like utterances, some of the fighting spirit that refuses to acknowledge that the fight is yet over. Moreover, Miss Hamilton believes in ghosts.

Hers has been a challenging life, and this book is in true character, for the record of those stirring suffragette days, of the hospital work in France, of life in the occupied areas, and of her subsequent travels in Europe, is plain and unadorned except by statements of fact and belief. Strong lenses these, through which she sees everything clearly within their focus, but little outside. An instance is the paucity of comment upon the effect of the protracted blockade upon the German population after the Armistice, and which must have been only too painfully apparent in the occupied areas.

The book has no index. The famous and the war-famous will look in vain for their names, but it is true autobiography; a self-portrait in strong, revealing tones; a good book, and at times an inspiring one.

In **STRUGGLE** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s.) Sir Evelyn Wrench continues the memoirs he began in *Uphill*. Having chosen from the first a career which brought his active personality into contact with active persons, Sir Evelyn Wrench has of course a large amount of material upon which to draw.

The present volume begins at the outbreak of war. He had of course been Northcliffe's private secretary, and at the commencement of hostilities he was sent to Paris to take over the Paris *Daily Mail*. It was here that he was able to witness the dramatic days of French mobilisation, and the effect on the populace of the early German drive towards that city. His organising ability, however, needed fuller play; and he was soon back and taking part in the early development of the infant air arm, from which, as the war progressed, he graduated to the Air Ministry under Lord Rothermere.

His Anglo-American associations made his services valuable during the visit of President Wilson to the Peace Conference and in the subsequent procession of conferences which followed.

In these pages, as in everything else, Sir Evelyn Wrench displays a thoroughness which, aided by an obviously well-stocked memory, fills his book with interest. There are signs that another volume yet is due, since this one breaks off at 1920.

A WRITER OF PROMISE: Elizabeth Sprigge whose new novel, *Children Alone*, has just been published by Heinemann. She is the daughter of Sir Squire Sprigge, the editor of *The Lancet* and a former Chairman of the Society of Authors

Mr. Noel Coward holds a unique place in the theatre to-day, and I am quite certain that that position cannot be shaken by the statement that his plays play better than they read. Probably no contemporary dramatist understands so well the resources of the theatre, and there are a hundred nuances in any one of his scenes which could not possibly come through in cold print. These reflections are prompted by the publication of **POINT VALAINE** (Heinemann. 5s.), which is the third of Mr. Coward's plays to be published, but never as yet produced, in this country.

This particular play has already been made famous by a powerful, and almost terrifying, performance in New York by Alfred Lunt in the role of a head waiter in a hotel in a West Indian island. In it we see Mr. Coward manipulating the macabre with the same deftness and light touch which he uses in his comedies; but if the reader is left in any doubt as to the moral of it all, or as to the intensity of the emotions aroused during its action, he must also reflect that the principal parts call for superlative acting.

With the possible exception of *Post Mortem*, this is by far the most powerful and ambitious of all Mr. Coward's plays; but I am forced to repeat that its success can be judged only by a production in which the cast must be carefully chosen.

The three writers who have the greatest sales in Russia at present are Stalin, Gorki, and Alexei Tolstoi, and of the latter's books, *Khozdenie Po Mukham* is the one on which his immense popularity is mainly based.

DARKNESS AND DAWN (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is the translation of this, very ably done by Miss Edith Bone and Mr. Emile Burns, who have made a vigorous and lively version of this novel of almost 600 pages. The first thing that struck me as I read it was the very strong, I was going to say the familiar, sense of the Russian atmosphere that it gives one, as vivid as a remembered scent or a remembered tune. Alexei Tolstoi is a kinsman of both the great Count Tolstoi and of Turgenev, and he is, in a way, a writer in the same tradition. In a way, because even when he is writing about pre-war St. Petersburg, his style is as terse and as photographic as anything that our '30's have produced.

The early days of the revolution, and the provincial aspects of it, the confusion that it caused in the minds and lives of the people in the little country towns, I thought the most remarkable thing about the book, even unforgettable. The lives of the two sisters, Katia and Dasha, are like a closely interwoven cord on which Alexei Tolstoi strings the passionate and heartbreaking events of the October revolution. It is as if the author had said, "Here are two normal, middle-class Russian girls. Before the war their life was of such a kind. This and this happened to them under the revolution. What is the answer? With what philosophy can you reconcile this?"

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

Alexei Tolstoi Writes of the Confusion of the Early Days of the Russian Revolution

Like Sholokhov's novel, which I reviewed last week, this is not propaganda, or if it is, not of obvious order. It is more a survey of those extraordinary years, made with the detachment of a scientist, and written with the power of an artist.

A VISIT TO AMERICA (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) Mr. A. G. Macdonell has written a book about America. It is regrettably short, but it is one of the most entertaining studies, or rather, series of studies, that I have read for a very long time.

"One thing, for example, I learnt," writes the observant author, "and that is the injustice that is done to visiting British authors by the people of New York. At every party I went to at least six people said to me, 'Why do British authors come over here for a fortnight and then go home and write an unkind book about us?'"

The answer, according to Mr. Macdonell, whose researches seem to have been extensive, or at any rate, intense, is the hospitality of the American people.

"The author comes bowling ashore at the quay, full of robust health, with clear eye and upright carriage. Three weeks later he sneaks back on board, trembling . . . hoarse, terrified . . . suffering from lack of sleep, incipient delirium tremens, surfeit of oysters, gout. . . . In a blind fury he sits down at his desk and writes 70,000 words of pure poison about the authors of his malaise."

Says Mr. Macdonell. But in spite of his understanding of these attacks of what might be called Scribe's Distress, he does not seem to have suffered from them himself, and his first page is as gay, and as free from bitterness as his last.

There are moments when his bonhomie falters. His description of American football as combining "most of the less pleasing features of Rugby football and the World War" hints at a certain prejudice, but it is a hearty rather than a jaundiced feeling. And the chapter on streets and ships and railways is a fine short essay. V. F.

* * *

The following short criticisms are intended to give an idea of the varying merits of some of the volumes that THE SPHERE's reviewer, Vernon Fane, has not had time to deal with.

1934 was a year of tragedy for Europe, for three of her sanest and most inspiring leaders met with violent and untimely deaths. Dollfuss, the great-hearted little Austrian Chancellor, was assassinated by the Nazis; Alexander, the dictator-monarch of Yugoslavia, was shot down in the streets of Marseilles; and Albert, the beloved and heroic King of the Belgians, was killed as he fell from a rocky pinnacle while climbing at Marche les Dames. Not until the events of the first decades of this century come into the perspective that we call history will it be possible for us to present a true estimate of the work of these men, but in **ALBERT OF BELGIUM—DEFENDER OF THE RIGHT** (Nicholson and Watson. 21s.) Emile Cammaerts gives us an impression of one of them with a skill deserving of the highest praise. Albert was brought up by his parents to believe that "a prince is merely a person who has more duties to fulfil than others," and so we follow him on his indefatigable way, marvelling at the manner in which he lived up to this stern precept, and learning something of the character of this ruler who, when the testing time came, displayed an heroic calm that aroused the admiration alike of ally and enemy. Only once or twice in a generation are there men of this calibre, and it is fortunate that one of the most eminent of contemporary Belgian writers should have elected to be his biographer.

Just over two decades ago the women of England were fighting for equal rights with men; they were putting glue and lighted tapers in letter boxes, spreading acid over the greens of golf courses, and committing a host of petty nuisances in order to intimidate the males into submission. To-day their cause is won and, ironically enough, not a few of those ardent seekers after emancipation now incline to the belief that while their theories were sound in principle they failed in practice, and that a woman's real place is in the home and it is there alone that she can exercise her pristine domination of her "lesser half." It is for this reason, therefore, that many in this country will be out of sympathy with Margaret Goldsmith's **SEVEN WOMEN AGAINST THE WORLD** (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), which, as the title suggests, contains the life stories of such notable feminists as Flora Tristan, Rosa Luxemburg, and Vera Figner. Biographically this is a most interesting work, but the historical facts it contains are of much more vital interest than the views expressed.

In 1794 Antoine Lavoisier was condemned to death by a Revolutionary Tribunal which, in a

(Continued on p. 236)

L'AFFAIRE STAVISKY

The Trial Opens in Paris of Twenty People Accused of Participating in One of the Biggest Frauds of Modern Times

[]

THE ACCUSED: The defendants in the dock at the Seine Assizes, where their trial began on Monday of this week. The task of unravelling the facts relating to the Bayonne Bond frauds is one of extraordinary difficulty, and has, of course, been rendered more complicated by the death of Serge Stavisky, whose evidence would now be of the utmost importance. There are no less than fifty counsel and 270 witnesses for the defence

MADAME STAVISKY: The thirty-three-year-old widow of Serge Stavisky, who has to answer a charge of receiving part of the proceeds of her late husband's fraudulent transactions

THE JUDGE AND HIS TWO ASSESSORS: M. Barnaud (*centre*), who has the thankless duty of attempting to keep order in a court where feeling is running extremely high

A MAMMOTH INDICTMENT: The Clerk of the Court reading the 959-page "Act of Accusation" a task which occupied the whole of the first day of the trial

A TRAGIC FIGURE: Madame Stavisky and one of her counsel, Maître Roges. She was dressed in half mourning for her husband and, according to one newspaper report, seemed quite at her ease although showing distinct traces on her features of her unhappy experiences of the past two years. Her demeanour was modest and dignified

IN CASE OF TROUBLE: A strong force of police on duty outside the Assize Court

AN INTERVAL AT THE OPENING SESSION: Madame Stavisky standing with counsel and friends at the entrance to the court

The Stavisky scandal is comparable, in its intricacy and in the amount of money lost, with the famous Hatry case in this country, but this current *affaire* has had much more far-reaching repercussions, not only involving many men well known in French public life, but precipitating in February 1934 riots the like of which Paris had not known for generations. Among the twenty accused at the trial which has now opened after twenty months of investigation, are M. Dubarry, formerly editor of the *Volonté*, General Bardi de Fourtu, and M. Gaston Bonnaure, a former Deputy for the Seine

ETERNAL EGYPT

Travel in the Antique Land

A PYRAMID AS A TEE: Preparing to drive off from the summit of Cheops

Of all the places in the world to which that much abused word "glamour" can justifiably be applied, there is surely none to compare with Egypt. History and romance combine in a way that is potent enough to stir even the most sluggish imagination. Century by century the sun runs his fiery course through a cloudless sky, melting the whole landscape at evening into marvellous soft shades of gold and pink, which in turn are lost in the deep purple of night. Through all the vicissitudes of history, Egypt remains essentially unchanging — the land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemys, of Cleopatra, of Saladin. No more complete record of an ancient civilisation is to be found anywhere than in the treasures of the Cairo Museum, and for those of us who may be inclined to pride ourselves on the unique achievements of the western world in the twentieth century, they provide a useful lesson in humility.

It is not, however, only a land of museums and monuments and fine weather. Alexandria and Cairo are cities which combine the picturesqueness of bygone centuries with the pleasures of modern social life. There are racing and polo, golf and tennis, and at Cairo an opera season, and seasons of French and English plays. Arriving at Alexandria one finds it as modern and up to date a port as any on the Mediterranean seaboard. Two thousand years ago at its entrance stood a great lighthouse, famous in ancient history, but to-day all trace of it has disappeared, although in the town itself a certain amount remains that belonged to earlier centuries. Perhaps the most interesting "sight" is Pompey's Pillar, which was erected as a monument to Diocletian, who captured the city from the rebel, Achilleus, in A.D. 296, an event of modern history as far as Egypt is concerned. It is odd, when one has seen the Pyramids, how short a distance away in time the Roman era seems! Pleasant excursions may be made from Alexandria, westwards to various points on the fringe of the Libyan Desert where in the early spring months, February and March, the ground is carpeted with wild flowers; eastwards, through the Delta country to the banks of the Nile. Close to its mouth is Rosetta, where the famous stone was found which gave the clue to the inscriptions of the Egyptians, and this is worth visiting as a typical example of a Turkish town of the eighteenth century, and with its surrounding gardens has a charm that is quite its own.

Port Said, at the entrance to the Suez Canal, is an entirely modern town, and owes its very existence to de Lesseps. Its situation is uninteresting to the last degree, commanding a view only over the marshy expanse of Lake Menzaleh. Arriving in Egypt, either at Port Said or Alexandria, the visitor probably wants to get to Cairo as soon as possible, and as soon as possible after that, to see the Pyramids. They can be reached by tram, which is not, perhaps, a very romantic way of getting there, but is at least convenient, although at week-ends it is apt to be crowded. Indeed, the Pyramids are best left alone at week-ends, being a popular rendezvous for picnics, although their grandeur and immensity are something from which the presence of no matter how many people cannot detract. Visiting them for the first time, however much you prepare yourself mentally for seeing something bigger than you expected, the Great Pyramid will yet take your breath away. It is, perhaps, as well to make quite clear that though an excellent view may be obtained from the top the climb is by no means a light undertaking, and entails a good deal of pulling from above and pushing from below, and is to be recommended most as an agility test.

Another fine view, and one that is more easily accessible, is from the Cairo Citadel. This is also within easy reach of the town, and is situated on the very edge of the Mokattam Hills, where the line of the desert is broken by the Nile Valley. In a way this view reveals in a glimpse the whole history of Egypt—which is the history of the Nile, a thread of water running through a vast, sandy tract, rising and flooding its banks every year, and fertilising the land for a little way on either side. It is on this thread of water that the life of Egypt depends still to-day, just as it did when the citadel was built, and for thousands of years before. The citadel itself, which is Saladin's work, is a magnificent construction, the labour for its great walls and bastions having been recruited from the prisoners he took in the Crusades. Other interesting evidences of Muslim Egypt are the Cairo mosques, of which there is a great number. The most ancient and most famous is that of El Azhar.

To return to the real antiquities, and however interesting the others may be, it is undeniably these that attract the visitor most—the most important expedition from Cairo, apart from going to the Pyramids, is to Sakkara. The famous Step Pyramid there is thought to be the oldest stone building in the world, and near by are other Egyptian tombs constructed 2,500 years later. This gives one a vivid idea of the length of time that Egyptian civilisation endured. One sometimes tends, rather lazily, to think of archæological remains like those of Egypt, Greece, or Rome, as all belonging to very much the same period, because at first it is difficult to distinguish styles with which one is unfamiliar. Yet here in Egypt, there is as long a time between the earliest remains and the most recent as between the most recent and the present day.

After Cairo, Luxor is the next place that must be visited, 400 miles up the Nile, and the ideal way of reaching it is by Nile steamer. It is possible, however, to get there overnight by train from Cairo, and it is an easy, comfortable journey.

Luxor, the ancient Thebes, is incredibly rich in monuments and the temple there is one of the great architectural triumphs of the world. Karnak, a little distance away, also has its famous temple, which, although at one time it fell into great disrepair, has been very finely restored. To visit these places, and the valley of the Kings (where Tutankhamen's tomb is situated) sets one alight with the desire to know more about the great civilisation that they represent, and indeed, it is a study that becomes increasingly absorbing the more one learns.

Assuan, another 130 miles up the river, is famous for the great Nile dam and for this remarkable engineering feat alone it would be worth seeing. In addition, Assuan, sandwiched as it is between the Arabian and Libyan deserts, enjoys one of the best winter climates in the world, and is a good place for making a stay. There are various important ruins both between Luxor and Assuan (notably Kom-ombo and Edfu) and again to the south of Assuan, and it is worth keeping a few days in hand to visit them. Farther south still, and not far short of Wady Halfa, is the superb temple of Abu Simbal, with its four gigantic statues hewn in the rock. This is the last outpost of ancient Egypt, and is the more impressive for its remoteness from the worlds of past or present, and one seems to see the reflection of eternity in the passive features of the great Rameses, as he contemplates those sands in which, who knows, how many treasures of the past are yet hidden?

A. G.

THE STADIUM OF KING FUAD: Egypt is not only a land of museums and monuments, for tourists will now find there every facility for watching or taking part in their favourite sport. This great arena is at Alexandria

THE AWAKENING OF EGYPT: A striking new monument erected near the railway station at Cairo

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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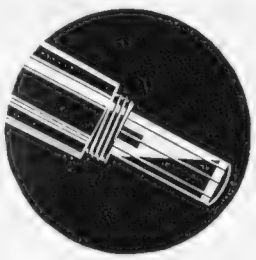
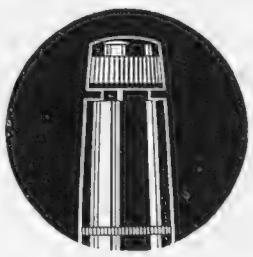


On the left, the large capacity VISOFIL, the 'observation window' of which shows when to refill. On the right, the LEVERLESS—two half-turns only required to fill.



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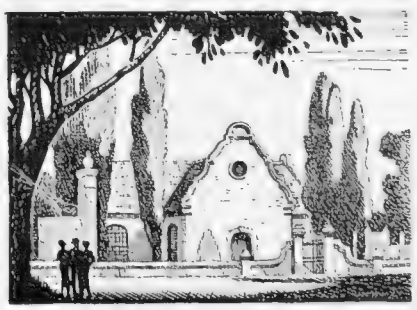
"You ask for my impressions of South Africa? Well, Africa is so vast and so new to me that in my short tour I have barely been able to scratch the surface, so that I can only give you my impressions in terms of spiritual values. Just let me explain what I mean by the phrase spiritual value—to me it means an experience which causes me to stop and send out my own particular form of a prayer.

"Three scenes are outstanding in my mind. The first is at the Eastern Cataract of the Victoria Falls, majestically enhanced by its double rainbow. The second experience occurred when a new appreciation of infinity came to me at Rhodes' grave in the Matopos. My third experience occurred in the dusk at Paarl in front of the stately pile of the Dutch Reformed Church with the colour of the evening sky behind it."

These are the impressions, recently recorded, of a cultured and widely-travelled woman. Her reactions to the South African scene epitomise in a new way the mental stimulus derived from travel in this land of realities.

May we send you our special programme of winter travel entitled "Reality Tours"? Apply: Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the leading Travel Agencies.



THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

PLEASANT as it was to see at Olympia and to investigate the specifications of the many models which British manufacturers are turning out for the coming season, it is far more interesting to try these cars on the road. I do not suppose, for one moment, that time or opportunity will permit me to test even a tenth of the new models which have been produced, but I have been lucky enough to take two of the more interesting new cars on the road, and I am very pleased to relate that their performances have proved to me that the claims made are, if anything, under estimated.

The two cars that I have driven are, firstly, the Morris Twenty-Five Saloon with a sliding head, and the Daimler Light Twenty Saloon. In their respective sphere these two cars are typically representative of Britain's best. I will deal with the Morris first of all.

Canadian and American built motor cars have given us in the last few years an idea of the wonderful value for money that can be purchased for a sum under £300, but until the new Morris Sixes (Series 11) were issued to the public a month or two ago, we really had nothing to compete with the overseas invasion at the price mentioned. Many people have bought these overseas importations, although there were several features that did not appeal to the mind of the British motorist.

Now the public who require a large horse-powered car at a very low price can satisfy their desires by buying one of these new Morris Sixes. One has only to look at the car quite casually to be impressed most favourably with regard to its value for money. The particular model I tried was a most imposing vehicle, wonderfully large and roomy. Its design is perfectly straightforward, incorporating no untried features, yet the whole vehicle is thoroughly up to date. The specification includes permanent hydraulic jacks, adjustable pneumatic squab cushions, which give a hitherto unknown degree of comfort to the occupants of the car, draughtless ventilation, built-in luggage accommodation, hydraulic brakes, fume consuming air cleaner, hydraulic shock-absorbers, and an engine of advanced design.

On the road I found that the car was easy to control, and before going any further I would like to mention that, without any difficulty whatever, the speedometer needle was sent up to indicate 75 m.p.h. The suspension was good, the brakes well up to their work, and the steering positive, yet light. At first I found that the steering was lower-geared than I am accustomed to, but after fifty miles or so it became quite normal. A feature which struck me more particularly was the excellent road-holding qualities of the car. Needless to say with a vehicle capable of a good acceleration and a high all-out speed it is very important that these capabilities should be able to be used with the highest degree of safety. I feel certain that Lord Nuffield by introducing these new Morris Sixes has given the British motor trade a strong lever with which to help in the task of pushing out foreign competition from our over-seas markets.

OFF TO AMERICA: Mr. R. C. Rootes (*centre*), Managing Director of Humber, Ltd. and The Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., with Mr. C. H. Fison (*left*), Chief Sales Executive, and Mr. B. B. Winter, Chief Technical Executive, at Southampton when they sailed for the U.S.A. recently in order to visit the New York Motor Show and the principal motor-manufacturing centres

It seems quite a long time since I last tried a Daimler on the road, but not very long ago I renewed my acquaintanceship with this well-known marque, and the car that I tried was the Light Twenty saloon. The Daimler Company have always been renowned for producing silent, sweet-running cars that were eminently suited for town work. In these days, however, they have combined the qualities that are essential to a successful town carriage with those that the average owner expects to find in a fast touring chassis. The makers have carried out this combination in a very skilful manner, for in reaching their new ideal they have not sacrificed any of the old qualities on which their enviable reputation has been built up.

Needless to say this Light Twenty possesses a pre-selector gear-box, combined with a fluid fly-wheel which makes driving ridiculously easy, and, of course, a child can change gear at any time or in any way without being able to make a noise.

The six-cylinder engine, which has a capacity of 2½ litres, does its work willingly and well. It will propel the car at a speed in excess of 70 m.p.h. and by using the gears it is very quick off the mark.

As might be expected the springing is excellent and the steering is sensitive and light. The brakes impress me tremendously. The driver is assisted in their application by a vacuum-servo, a system which has been used on Daimlers for quite a long time, but this car I tested also boasts of a vacuum reservoir. This addition makes the driver's task of putting on the brakes delightfully easy. There is no more pressure required on the pedal, nor is the travel greater, than that usually associated with an accelerator pedal. What perhaps is more important, the brakes themselves really do their job well—a necessary feature in these days of crowded roads.

E.R.A. (which stands for English Racing Automobiles, Ltd.) is the title of a beautifully-produced booklet, printed by Sir Joseph Causton and Sons, Ltd., which has as its theme the story of the evolution of the E.R.A. racing car and of its successes in events in Great Britain and on the Continent during the seasons of 1934 and 1935. This is a most entertaining work, and those who buy it will have the satisfaction of knowing that the proceeds of the sale of copies are to be devoted by E.R.A. to the production of their racing cars, which it is hoped will continue to uphold British prestige. The price is 2s.

Her Majesty the Queen's new car, illustrated in our issue of October 26, is one of the Daimler Double-Six 50-h.p. type, similar to the car recently supplied to His Majesty the King. Both these State carriages have been supplied by Stratstone of Pall Mall.

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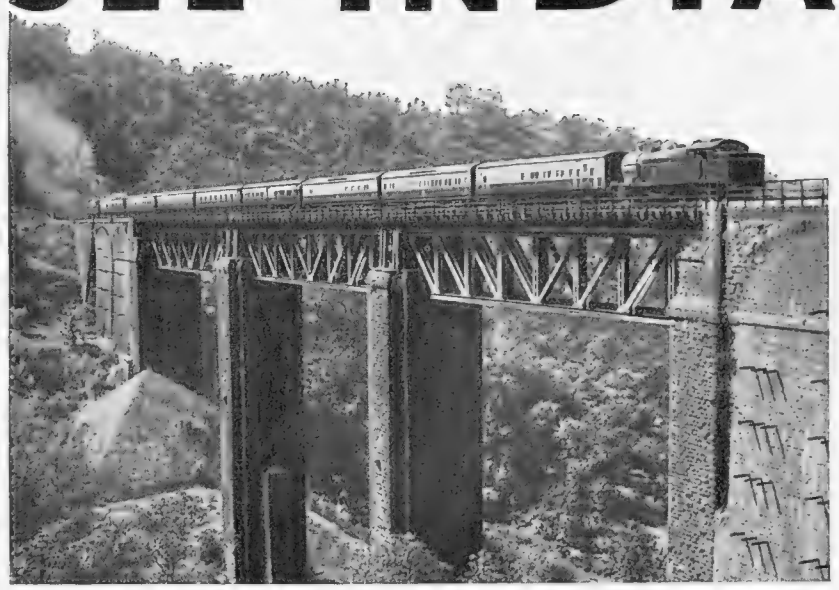

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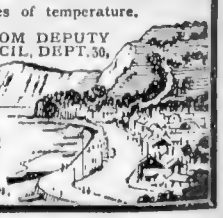

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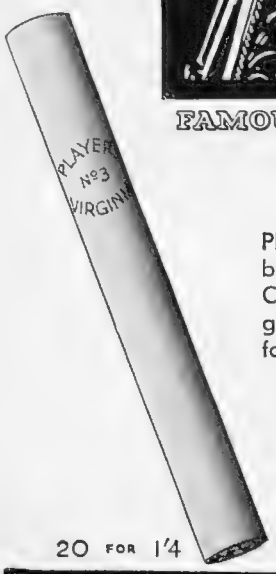
FAMOUS FIGURES

In 1585 Sir Richard Grenville was sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to complete the occupation of the newly founded colony which became Virginia, the most famous Tobacco growing state in the world.

Player's No. 3 is another figure easily remembered because of its merits, representing, as it does, a Cigarette of delightful mellowness and flavour, giving always that little extra quality so necessary for complete enjoyment by the critical smoker.



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NUMBER 3
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3.P.28A.

AN ELECTRICAL GOLD DIVINER: A delicate instrument used by prospectors in Northern Sweden

A MODERN KLONDYKE

(Continued from p. 208)

Roennskaer and Stockholm laboratories are these—impregnation of wood in a sufficiently, but not dangerously, toxic degree to cause complete sterilisation and a fungicide action outlasting any other known preservative; mixture with cement, by which the concrete becomes extremely quick-setting and can be used, for example, in the form of a coating on wooden piles for protection against the shipworm; and, finally, as a means for the strengthening and general improvement of glass.

All very interesting. But arsenic, after all, is arsenic; and gold—gold is stupendously more than gold. After a night at the Company's luxurious guest house in Roennskaer, I was taken to the source of the golden treasure at Boliden. Fifty kilometres away, over a bumpy road, through dark forest and by the side of wide rivers. One or two log-built farm houses in the midst of stony fields. You get the feeling that the earth here is not warmed through yet. The chill of ten-thousand-year-old glaciers is still upon it. And out of that cold heart rises Boliden.

The old familiar smell—the smell of fresh ore; the smell of the earth's damp breath; the smell of crushed stone and cooling slag. And the old familiar sounds—the rattle of windlass, the scream of trucks on overhead cables, the rhythm of turbines, the shuffle and moan of belt conveyors, the scream of sirens, and the emergence of shifts out of the depths of the earth.

"A hole in the earth," Mr. Torell called it, "deep, dark, damp, and very dull." He is a metallurgist, not a miner. The deep, dark, damp, and very dull hole in the earth yields 400,000 tons of rich ore which is raised by electric hoists, is crushed, screened, washed, and sorted at the mine, and finally is despatched to Roennskaer on the 54-kilometre-long railway.

As at Roennskaer, but on a much larger scale, a nice little township has been built up in the wilderness. Not a bit like a grimy, half-baked mining settlement; a garden town, with pretty wooden houses for everyone; tennis courts, an up to-date club-house, a big Miners' Union building with a luxuriously-fitted theatre; and a cosy guest-house looking far out over river and forest.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from p. 221)

succession to the throne, are as free now to marry amongst English subjects, not below the rank of earls' sons and daughters, as they were in early days.

The validity of the Cumberland marriage was unassailable. Lack of witnesses and the death of the officiating clergyman placed the Gloucester marriage on a very different footing. It was generally believed that the marriage had never taken place, and that the Duke and Lady Waldegrave, taking advantage of the chaplain's death, had trumped up the story of the secret ceremony because Lady Waldegrave was expecting a child. George III, himself, was of this opinion and had the couple examined three times before a special commission.

After the third hearing, the birth of the child being imminent, the Duke informed the King that unless the validity of his marriage was immediately recognised he would re-marry the Duchess. The scandal had already spread over the country, and on the advice of his Ministers George III recognised the marriage a few hours before the Duchess gave birth to a daughter.

Although the marriage was accepted by the King Horace Walpole's prophecy of ostracism came true. The Duke was banished from Court. No one, not even Lord Orford or Walpole, attended his levees. The couple bore this misery for three years, then they went to Italy.

The Duke and Duchess settled in Rome where they were given all the honours denied them in England. They were received by the Pope and held a royal court at the Palazzo Teodoli where, in 1776, a son was born, William Frederick.

After two years in Rome, the Duke fell desperately ill. On the first report of his illness, George III sent a message of sympathy and enquiry. Then, as the reports grew worse, forgetting his anger over the marriage and remembering only the old devotion, he sent "a kind and brotherly letter." From the moment he received this letter, the Duke began to mend and as soon as he was able to travel the exiles with their two children returned to England. There was an affecting meeting between the brothers—bygones were bygones—and if Queen Charlotte was a little stiff towards her Waldegrave sister-in-law, all the world knew that the King and Queen had received her as Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. Henceforth her position was unassailable.

But nine years after their return to England they separated. The Duchess's lady-in-waiting, Lady Almeria Carpenter, "one of the most beautiful women of her time but to whom Nature had been sparing in intellectual gifts," became the Duke's mistress.

The romance, the sacrifices on both sides, the miseries bravely endured together, the union of twenty-one years, were swept away. The Duchess, proud and high spirited, gave her royal husband his choice between herself and her lady-in-waiting. He chose Lady Almeria.

The marriage in the Pall Mall drawing-room was ended.

The War-Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exhibition

This exhibition was arranged to be opened by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, on Friday of this week at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. It is organised to bring before the public the work of over 4,000 permanently war-maimed ex-soldiers, sailors, and airmen. The men produce their wares in small factories, hospital wards, and in their homes, in various parts of the country, under the guidance of twenty-six major voluntary societies. The exhibition is their one chance each year to find and develop new markets. Some of the men are blind, others limbless, others paralysed, and others afflicted with incurable nervous and physical ills as a result of the war but, whatever the disability, all have achieved a remarkable facility in the crafts they have adopted in an effort to become self-supporting.

Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople

On Wednesday, November 13 this important charitable organisation is to hold its annual meeting at Brook House, Park Lane, under the Presidency of H.H. Princess Marie Louise. The guild has now been in existence for over thirty-one years and continues to do excellent work in assisting men and women of gentle birth who, by reason of old age, illness, or other disability, are unable to gain a livelihood. Grants of money, coal, and clothing are made to deserving cases that come to the notice of the Committee, but there is still much suffering and privation that the Guild is unable to alleviate on account of lack of funds.

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Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

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Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Church Stretton.—Longmynd Hotel.
Cromer (near).—Overstrand. Tel. O'strand
Devon (North), Saunton.—Saunton Sands Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Droitwich.—St. Andrew's House (unlicensed).
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
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Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grand Atlantic. Tel. 1533.
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IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D., Kent (Malaga). — The return 2nd class fare from London to Malaga, via Calais or Boulogne, Paris, and Madrid is £18 18s. 6d. As this does not include the cost of sleeping berths for the two nights en route from Paris to Malaga, or meals whilst travelling, you would find it cheaper to travel by sea. The return 1st class fare from London to Gibraltar by P. and O. Line is £18, the return 2nd class fare being £12. The ticket is interchangeable with the Orient Line, Union Castle Line, and Henderson Line, subject to any adjustment of fare which may be necessary. The winter climate of Malaga is sunny and mild, with an average temperature during January and February of 54° F. and 57° F. respectively. You would not find it warm enough to bathe there during February.

N., Herts. (Switzerland).—You would find plenty of facilities for winter sports in the vicinity of Montreux, particularly at Caux, which is at a height of 3,458 ft., and connected with Montreux by rail. There are two skating rinks at Caux, a bob run, toboggan run, and slopes for ski-ing. You could, if you wished, stay in Montreux, but we think you would find it more convenient to stay at Caux itself where the Caux Palace Hotel is excellent. Charges there range from 16 Swiss francs per day during the winter sports season.

H., Dorset (Sea Voyage). — The Royal Mail Line runs a joint service with the Holland-America Line from London or Swansea to the West Indies and Pacific coast ports. These cargo boats of between 9,000 and 10,000 tons carry from twelve to twenty saloon passengers. The return fare from London or Swansea to Vancouver is £90, the boats calling at Bermuda, Kingston, Curaçao, Puerto Colombia, Cristobal, Guayaquil, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle, with the exception of the *Delftdyk* and *Damsterdyk*, which do not call at Kingston, Curaçao, or Puerto Colombia.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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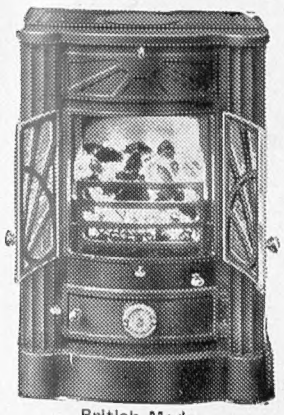

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typically retrograde utterance, answered his defence with the words "France needs no more scientists." Thus passed in the prime of his life the man who is now justly regarded as the father of modern chemistry and who, in his short career of intensive experimental work and intensive thinking, was able to clear away the mists of Greek and medieval speculation, setting a new course for the generations that followed. In **ANTOINE LAVOISIER** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d,), Douglas McKie, of University College, London, has written the life of this great pioneer, dispensing with the jargon of the scientist and recounting in simple language the story of his epoch-making achievements. This is a book assured of a steady sale for years to come.

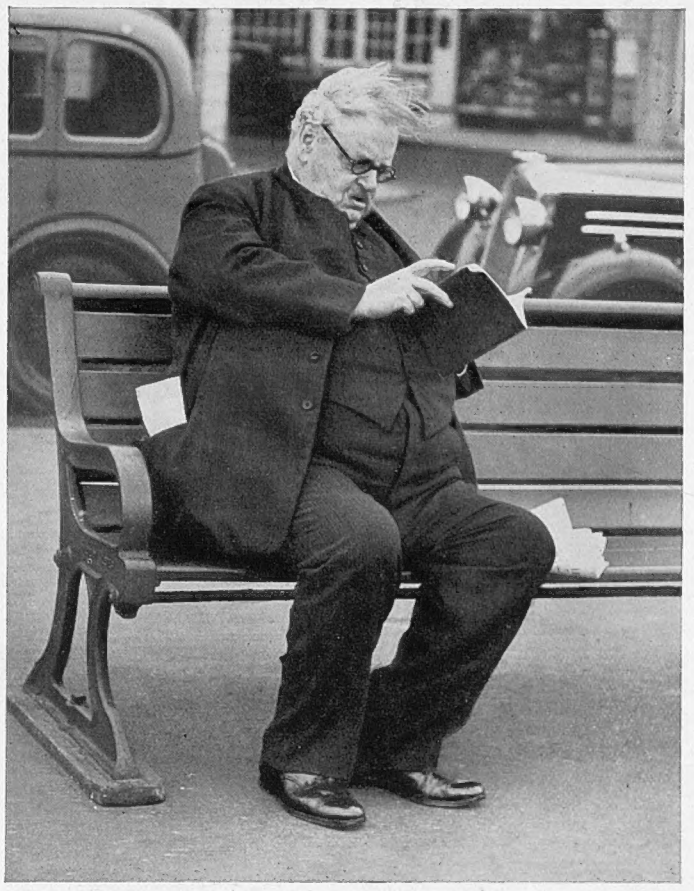
A man's domestic difficulties hardly provide ideal subject-matter for an autobiography and they certainly tend to destroy much of the entertainment value of Eliot Crawshay-Williams's **SIMPLE STORY** (John Long. 18s.) which, among other things, contains accounts of three marriages and two divorces. Many, however, will doubtless sympathise with the author when he tells of how his political career was ruined owing to the prevailing attitude towards divorce in 1913, at which time "a co-respondent was held to be as ineligible for Parliament as a murderer." When Mr. Crawshay-Williams resigned his seat at Leicester and applied for the Chiltern Hundreds he was, as he says, debarred from the main road of his life, but thanks to his literary ability and his interest in the theatre he afterwards enjoyed many experiences that might otherwise have been denied to him. On the whole this is quite a good book, but not a few will regard its price as out of all proportion to its merit.

Many qualities have combined to make Rosita Forbes the foremost woman travel writer of our time, but on reading her new miscellany, **WOMEN CALLED WILD** (Grayson and Grayson. 12s. 6d.) one gains the impression that above all else she is a "trained observer," capable of understanding the significance of all she sees, and, which is more, capable of recording her impressions vividly but without letting her imagination gain the upper hand. I enjoyed this book immensely. In a series of short sketches the author takes us globe-trotting, switching from country to country with an almost breath-taking but not displeasing abruptness. Her chapter on the nightmare house in Harar, where eunuchs are made, and on aspects of the Abyssinian slave trade with Arabia, is one of enthralling interest, while her account of the extraordinary judgments given in Soviet courts (four years for matricide and patricide, as an instance) makes equally good reading.

L. Collison-Morley in **THE EARLY MEDICI** (Routledge. 12s. 6d.) has dealt in the same skilful way with the renowned Florentine family as he did in earlier works with the Borgias and the Sforzas, revealing how they emerged from private life and, by means of a subtle policy that was persistently pursued from generation to generation, dominated the affairs of the republic and, through their munificent patronage of art and letters, made at least one real contribution to human progress. The book ends with the Pontificate of Leo X (Giovanni Medici, died 1521), and we are spared the story of the desolate years that followed when the younger branch of the family, which had found Tuscany prosperous, left her poor and decayed in all ways, drained of her resources by taxation, oppressed by laws contrary to every principle of sound economy, downtrodden by the clergy, and burdened by a weak and vicious aristocracy.

The World of Books

(Continued from p. 228)



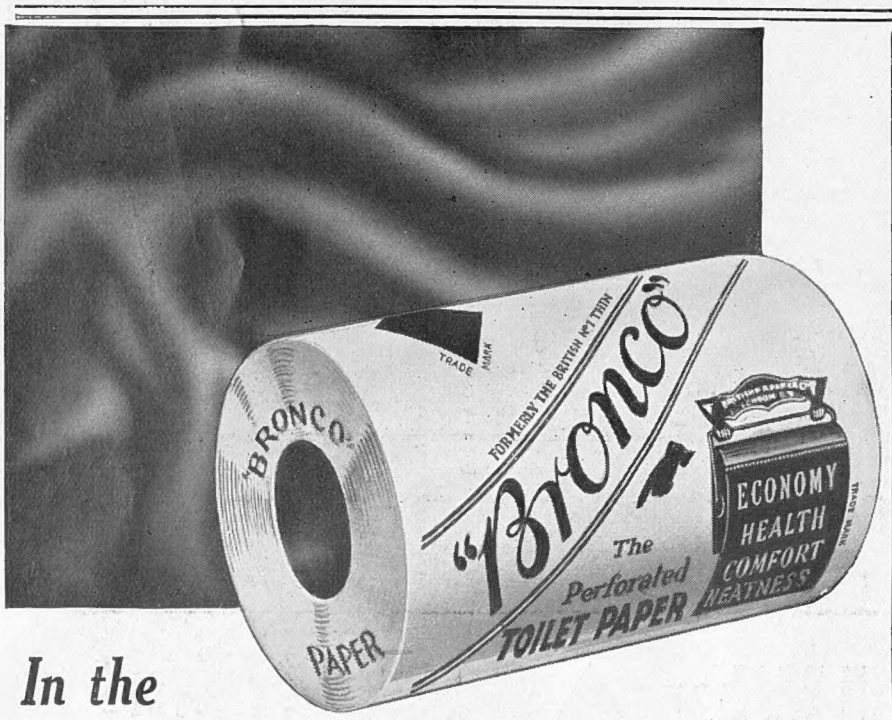
G.K. TAKES A HOLIDAY: A characteristic study of Mr. Chesterton at Brighton where he has been staying recently

Gipsy Petulengro enjoyed a tremendous success with his recent B.B.C. talks, and many who would like to know more about him will read with pleasure his autobiography, **A ROMANY LIFE** (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), in which he tells of his Spartan early days, of his wanderings on the road, and his adventures in America. This is entertaining fare, full of good anecdotes.

In conclusion mention should be made of two works, both of somewhat limited appeal but, none the less, of undoubted importance. The first is Bronislaw Malinowski's **CORAL GARDENS AND THEIR MAGIC** (George Allen and Unwin. Two vols. 42s.) which is an erudite study of the methods of tilling the soil and of the agricultural rites of the Trobriand Islanders, a Melanesian people who are still living in the Stone Age and who are remarkably tenacious of their culture and their old customs. The second is **FOUR YEARS AT THE OLD VIC**, by Harcourt Williams (Putnam. 10s. 6d), a record of this producer's work at one of the most famous of London theatres.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At the recent prize-giving of the London Technical Home in Shaftesbury Avenue (which is a branch of the above Society), Sir Charles Wrench, after distributing the prizes, congratulated the boys on their work, expressing a desire to see the clothes and shoes they had made. He urged the boys to take every opportunity that came their way to further their knowledge, but also to devote a certain amount of their time to recreation. The *Tailor and Cutter* had judged the work of the tailoring department, and Mr. A. L. Barber, who was the London President of the Bootmakers' Association for last year, the shoemaking. This great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women is in urgent need of funds; and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

November 9th

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